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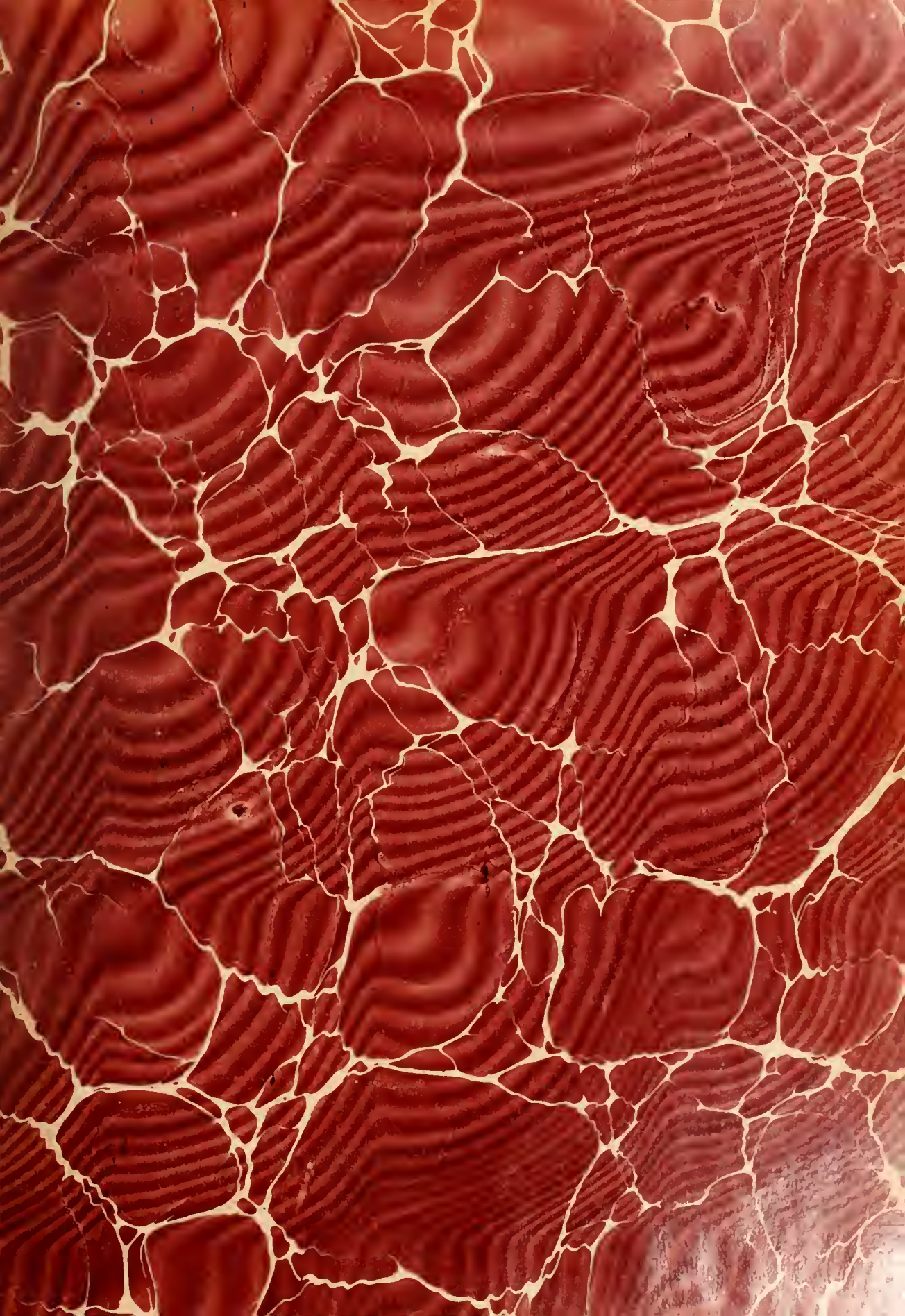


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*Chinese River Landscape*

# The New America AND The Far East

By G. WALDO BROWNE

AND

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

*With a General Introduction by EDWARD S. ELLIS, A. M.*

*And the following Special Articles*

## Hawaii

By the Honorable HENRY CABOT LODGE

## The Philippines

By Major-General JOSEPH WHEELER

## Japan

By His Excellency KOGORO TAKAHIRA

## China

By the Honorable JOHN D. LONG

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# CHINA.

BY

JOHN D. LONG,  
SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

---

With the opening of the twentieth century China begins to cease to remain an isolated empire, impenetrable, mysterious, unknown, and to become a part of the federation of the world. As the narrow-minded Greek regarded every foreigner as a barbarian, so we have been brought up to regard with a sort of contemptuous condescension the character, the religion, the literature, and the institutions of this great people. As the territorial barriers are breaking down, so also are the barriers of prejudice and misconception. The child is living that will see the Mongolian ranking with the races of the West and vying with them in the strenuous competitions of civilisation. Stirred from her palsy, and stimulated by contact with the industrial and commercial activities which are circling the earth like electric wires, China will emerge from her seclusion; and her people, whether under one government, or seeking the convenience of separate forms of national life, will take their place in the march of common progress.

China's beginning has no date. It is lost in the mists of the morning of the world. She antedates the rise of Egypt, Greece, Carthage, Rome, and she saw their fall. Confucius was a religious teacher five hundred years before Christ. Whether the original seed from which China sprang came from the banks of the Nile or of the Caspian Sea, the soil in which it lodged was that watered by the Yellow River. Gaining little by conquest, absorbing her conquerors, originally restricted in territory, China now stretches over sixty degrees of longitude and thirty-four degrees of latitude, and embraces every variety of soil and climate. To-day four hundred million people acknowledge her rule. Her history, after all, is the common history of every race. In her long line of rulers have been exemplified the wisdom and military genius of a Caesar and the debaucheries of a Nero. She has had her Augustan era and her Renaissance. Mencius was her Socrates. She has had her Helen of Troy, her Joan of Arc, and her Catharines. Her poets have sung, her novelists and dramatists have written, and her literature is rich. She searched the sky and her astronomers studied the stars before Ptolemy. Her engineers built canals and bridges, and her Great Wall is an evidence of their skill, and of the industry of her people. Medicine early opened its pages to her students. Other sciences also gave of their beneficent stores to her welfare. Printing was invented in China nearly nine hundred years before it became known in Europe. Her historical and encyclopædic records are extensive. Education, though of a limited range, has been widespread among her male population, being the main ave-

nue to honour and official career. Her domestic and social life has been one of quiet enjoyment, and nowhere has filial piety had finer illustrations. Her government has been patriarchal, and her religion, as taught by Confucius, whose name to China is as that of Christ to the West, largely enforces the precepts of Christian ethics. And to-day, in business, mechanics, manufactures, trade, literature, education, diplomacy, oratory, and all the various arts of peace, she has a showing with the Christian nations of the world, though falling far behind them in the Christian art of war.

In the sixth century, when the glorious Tang dynasty was in its youth, Chinese arms battered down the wall separating Cathay — China's ancient name — from Europe. In the thirteenth century the great Venetian traveller, Marco Polo, penetrated the Chinese court. He laid the foundation of what might have been a splendid edifice of mutual esteem between the Chinese and the outer world. But the Portuguese, who made their first appearance in 1516, by their cruel aggressions destroyed his work, and in its stead established the base of the recent structure of anti-foreign hatred. Later the soldiers of Spain were guilty of a massacre of Chinese in Manila. Not as barbarous, the English were not tactful in their efforts to open the door of Chinese trade. The glories of the East which Marco Polo described upon his return to Venice, and the confirmation of his reports by later travellers and traders, fired England with a desire to share in the advantages of contact and commerce with the Oriental Empire. Queen Elizabeth despatched a commission to Peking. Disaster overtook it before it reached its destination. English traders became England's diplomats. Then of course war. In 1637 the Chinese forts which protected Canton were bombarded and occupied, and their evacuation by the belligerent foreigners did not occur until the latter had disposed of the cargoes their ships had brought.

Friendship rarely crowns relations established by force. Though advantageous to foreign peoples, China found little recompense for contact with them. During the greater part of the reign of the Mongol dynasty, every encouragement had been given Roman missionaries to spread their faith in northern China, but the reëstablishment of a Chinese dynasty seems to have been followed by their expulsion. Undoubtedly the wrongs perpetrated by the Portuguese and Spaniards were potent causes for the determination of the emperor to exclude foreigners from China. The missionaries who sought admission to the empire after this decision was reached were brusquely informed that they were not wanted. After patient endeavour, the Roman Church finally succeeded in effecting reëntrance. Intimate knowledge of the Chinese language and Chinese literature, and recognition of some of the least superstitious of the native ceremonies, enabled them to acquire an influence which might — though it is not likely — have served as the lever for turning the whole empire from Confucianism, Taoism, Buddhism, and Mohammedanism to Christianity. But the people became incensed at the denunciation of the worship of their ancestors, and at the interference by missionaries in behalf of converts in the native courts. Experience and time changed neither the view of the zealous servant of Christ nor of the nation he would

proselyte. The religion of the one bade him bear the message of good-will, even though its rejection were indubitable. The character of his reception by the other, as the nineteenth century rolled into the past, was tempered by the knowledge of the crushing might that lay behind him. Though the ethics taught by the Bible have much in common with those proclaimed by Confucius, and though China was originally tolerant of all religions, her experience with the West developed an antagonism which manifested itself in anti-Christian outrages and which gave evidence of its strength in the Boxer movement of 1900. But the blame for this movement cannot be entirely placed upon the shoulders of the missionary. He was one factor. Foreign aggression was the other.

Western trade early chafed under the restrictions imposed by the Imperial Government. Their removal or, at least, their modification was persistently sought by the commercial powers. In the eighteenth century six nations were engaged in trade with China through the single port of Canton, — Portugal, England, Holland, Spain, France, and the United States. The first appearance of America as a competitor in Oriental commerce occurred when the thirteen American colonies, revolting from British sovereignty, were clumsily working together under the makeshift of the Confederation. None of the European governments, thus apprised of its latest rival, was gifted with the prescience to see in this pioneer the leader of a fleet which would carry a commerce more valuable than that of any of them save one, — Great Britain, — and which by leaps and bounds, a century later, was to make great strides in overtaking the lead which that one had acquired.

Foreign aggression placed its hand heavily upon the empire in the nineteenth century. Her people enervated by the effects of opium, and her treasury depleted of silver used to pay for that drug, China prohibited its importation and brought upon herself the "opium war" which lasted from 1840 until 1842. Ignominious defeat compelled her to sue for peace. Hong-kong, the first territory alienated to the West, was ceded to her conqueror. Great Britain, the United States, and France, negotiated treaties which removed some of the obstacles in the way of trade and accorded to their nationals the privilege of extra-territoriality — one of the great humiliations under which China has smarted. The T'ai P'ing revolt embarrassed the central government from 1850 until 1864. Its suppression was hampered by fresh difficulties with foreign nations which culminated in the extension by France of a nominal protectorate over Annam, and by the British and French occupation of Peking in 1860. New treaty concessions, including the maintenance of diplomatic representatives in Peking and the protection of missionaries in the interior, were exacted of China. The entire West claimed and was granted the right to enjoy them. Forced into international relations, and appreciating that her military power was inadequate to defend her territory against foreign attack, China secured from the United States and Great Britain in 1868 a promise never to intervene in Chinese governmental affairs, — a promise the Washington government has consistently observed. War with France in 1884-85

resulted in the cession of Tonquin and Annam to the victor. Beyond this, it induced China to organise a navy, which, however, suffered overwhelming defeat during the war with Japan in 1894.

Japanese arms exposed the weakness of an empire that sprawled over a large part of Asia. Taking advantage of its inability to resist, foreign nations demanded concessions which were granted to prevent still greater misfortunes. But the rapacity of European governments knew no bounds. In retaliation for the murder of two German missionaries, Germany seized Kiao Chou and imposed other demands, — exacting an indemnity far disproportionate to the seriousness of the crime committed. Russia, which had forced Japan to relinquish the Liao Tung peninsula, occupied Talien Wan and Port Arthur. To preserve the balance of power in the north of China, Great Britain acquired Wei-hai-wei. France took possession of Kwang-chow Bay, and Great Britain added the Kowloon promontory to Hong-kong. Spheres of influence were outlined and the chancellories of Europe frankly described the territories their governments should seize in case of partition. Railroad and mining concessions were demanded as matters of right. The coastwise trade, which had been historically carried by native junks, was largely transferred to foreign steamers. Spoliation seemed to be the fate of China.

Reform was the panacea which the emperor adopted for the ills of his empire. Resistance was the remedy advocated by the conservatives. Supported by the latter, the empress dowager resumed the reins of government in September, 1898. Preparations to oppose foreign aggression were begun, — a course which received the cordial approval of the people. A vast volunteer army was organised. Urged on by the impetuosity of fanatical leaders, hostilities were inaugurated against foreigners.

Guilty of violating the most sacred laws of international hospitality, China's recent conduct must yet be judged in the light of the wrongs she had suffered. Aware as she was of Western strength, the courage which prompted her to throw her glove in the face of all nations compels acknowledgment. There could, of course, be but one result of war against the rest of the world. She again suffered humiliation, and she will be compelled to pay for her temerity by complying with terms which might well crush a less resourceful nation. Both in the operations necessary to effect the relief of the legations besieged in Peking, and in the subsequent diplomatic negotiations, the United States, besides affording proper protection to American interests, has observed that policy of unselfishness which has historically guided it in its relations with China. Substantial evidence of its support of this policy is furnished by the small claim for indemnity it recently submitted; by its proposal to reduce that claim by half if other nations would take like action; by its refusal to join in firing on the Taku forts; and by its being the first power to withdraw its armed forces from Peking. Throughout the negotiations, its purpose has been tempered with justice and leniency, and it has made haste to be considerate and helpful. Though the Imperial Government is burdened by the exaction of excessive indemnities, Chinese entity has been preserved, and



China will again soon be free to resume the task of carving out her own destiny, in which task she is entitled to our cordial sympathy.

Prior to the Boxer movement, Chinese patriotism was either a thing unknown or unappreciated in the West. The unity of the North and the difficulty with which the viceroys restrained the South during the national outbreak of 1900 gave evidence of the existence of a strong love of country in the Chinese breast. The conduct of the Allies in Chi Li has intensified the hatred of the natives for things Western. Defeat established Chinese inability to meet modern armies with unorganised mobs, and modern ordnance with the tools of husbandry. The English have demonstrated that the yellow man, capably led, is excellent military material. Eradication of native prejudice against the profession of arms and creation of well-drilled regiments are vital to China's existence. Foreign greed, which manifested itself prior to the Boxer outbreak, will renew its assault when the Chinese government resumes power in Peking. Suffering from Western avariciousness and awakened to the need of foreign innovations by the lash of Western enterprise, who can doubt, however, that China will engraft the civilisation of the West upon the trunk of what for centuries was the glory of the East, and under the influence of modern institutions return to the position of power and culture which she held in the halcyon days of the Han dynasty? Thus, by God's hard but moulding hand, through the selfishness and the strife of men and nations, through greed and outrage on the one hand and prejudice and encrustation on the other, through the fierce drive for gain and adventure, — the trader more a factor than the missionary, — the slow welding of old empires, peoples, and institutions upon new and better ones goes cruelly and brutally, but progressively on. China as a name, a form of government, an entity, is nothing, as every other nation as a name, a form of government, an entity, is nothing; but China as a people — one-quarter of the human race — is henceforth, as is every other people, under whatever name or form of government it may be, sure to share in the better things of that coming progress and civilisation of the world, when "the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law," and fifty years of Europe shall be one with fifty years of Cathay.

JOHN D. LONG.







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A CHINESE FAMILY — MOTHER, SON, AND DAUGHTER.

# THE FAR EAST.

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## CHINA.

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### CHAPTER I.

#### GLIMPSES OF THE ANCIENT SHORE.

**T**URNING reluctantly from the familiar scenes of Dai Nippon, which we have grown to love, we bid *au revoir* (for every one who leaves Japan fondly believes that he will come back again) to the ancient cities and modern centres of commerce, the sunny skies and picturesque landscapes, the worshipful tombs and sacred temples of the Land of the

Sunrise, and join the throng of restless sightseers on one of the great ocean steamers bound for China, the old Cathay of Marco Polo, poetically styled "The Flowery Kingdom of the Far East." Fairer sky never bended over the Oriental sea than that which smiles on us as the huge moving palace of the deep sweeps down the harbour of Nagasaki and onward into the west. Long after the last trace of the templed hills has faded from sight, we continue to look backward, the mind's eye still gazing on the spirited picture, and the heart yet warm for the friends it holds.

We have little time to wonder whether we shall lose or gain by this exchange of scenes, for within twenty-four hours the silver of the horizon on the west deepens into a brown, and we are told that land has been sighted, the mysterious shore of Old Asia, the Mother of Continents. Japan, the young and beautiful, is now quickly replaced, by the Old Man of the Orient. Our gaze becomes fixed on the water-line, until out of the Yellow Sea rise, like flitting shadows of the deep, the forests that line the coast at this point. Scarcely have these trees materialised into tangible objects, when villages with high walls and odd-looking buildings come into view. As we continue to draw nearer, the scene is enlivened with human figures clothed in garments of grotesque patterns, moving along the shore, or by brown-skinned animals of awkward proportions wallowing in the mud in a furious attempt to get rid of small, but troublesome, enemies. The water is now dotted with strange craft, carrying an amazing amount of canvas, with big eyes painted at the bows, and lank, half-naked crews having long queues hanging down their backs, and long bamboo poles in their hands. The eyes are painted in the sails, we are told, under the belief that whatever "has no eyes, no see," a truth we cannot dispute. The peculiar appendage of the head proves to be not a relic of barbarism, as we at first surmised, but the tribute of a love romance. So hearts are not dead here, and our hopes brighten.

"Give me the geography of a country," says Victor Cousin, "and I will tell you its future." Now the superficial knowledge we have gained from our geographies and hand-books of travel comes vividly into our mind, and we think of a country of plains, valleys, mountains, deserts, and table-lands covering the enormous area of over four million square

miles, and extending from 18 degrees to 55 degrees north latitude, and from 75 degrees to 135 degrees east longitude, an imperfect outline of the vast territory we are about to visit. People this with nearly four hundred million human beings, swarming in the coast towns like bees around their crowded hives, but more scattered in the inland districts, and we have a faint conception of the life of this strange domain. Imagine the glory and picturesque grandeur of the upward march of an



SAMPANS AND JINRIKISHAS.

imperial power which dazzled the world, long before Rome was founded, with such proud defiance that even Alexander dared not try to humble it—a government that overarches history and the feet of whose pillars are lost in tradition. Then picture the slow descent of the sun from its midday throne into the bosom of the infinite West, its waning light emblematical of the fading prestige of the imperial “Sons of Heaven,” whose sands of government are running low and lower, and the vision is imperfectly completed. This vast dominion has been both smaller and larger than it is to-day. It was at its greatest before Russia sliced

off the region lying between its present boundary on the north and the Yablonoi Mountains, and beyond the Amur River. That was in 1858, and only two years later the White Empire got a richer plot in the country bordering on the Sea of Japan, and running down on the Asiatic coast to Vladivostok, that important maritime port for the Russians. Japan won Formosa as her prize in the war of 1894, while Corea no longer owes the semblance of an allegiance to the Celestial Empire.

Of the extensive country we have hastily sketched, more than one-half



NANKIN DONKEY.

lies outside of what is properly termed the Chinese Empire, and much of it is, in reality, beyond convenient reach of the more populous provinces. This vast district, or, more properly speaking, districts, encloses the network of mountains and tracts of table-lands of ancient Tibet and Kokonor, the vast sand plains and highlands of Eastern Turkestan and Mongolia. The first two have a natural entrance through India, while the extensive regions last named are best approached from Siberia. Taken together, this broad area is bounded on the east by the backbone of the Chinese Empire, the mountains of Yunling and Siolki; on the west and southwest by the snow-crowned Himalayas; on the west



and north by the wind-swept steppes of Siberia. All of this vast region, in the solitude of which Hawaii, the Philippines, and Japan might be placed so that it would require months of travel to reach them, is thinly populated by impoverished races that look upon each other as barbarians, and who in turn are considered little better than wild beasts by those in the eastern and more populous section comprising the heart of the great Middle Kingdom.

Having, for the present at least, laid aside a consideration of this larger



SOLDIERS AT NANKIN.

half of China, we still find ourselves approaching a country which few, if any, understand, and which no two describe alike. We are reminded of the story of the chameleon, which was black to one, blue to a second, green to the third, and when produced, to prove the argument of the first, appeared in white. If foreign writers fail to agree, it is no more than the Chinese do themselves. Their maps vary, and often they show the most vague conceptions of portions of their own country scarcely remote from the centres of population.

China proper consists of eighteen states or provinces, named and briefly described as follows:

Chili, on the northeast, containing in round numbers fifty-seven thousand square miles, and a population of over thirty-six million people, or about 630 to the square mile. This province comprises the northerly section of the wide delta of Yellow River bordering on the Gulf of Pechili. It holds within its area the capital of the empire and the important seaport of Tien-tsin.

West of Chili is the province of Shansi, the early scene of Chinese settlement, with an area of sixty-six thousand square miles, inhabited by nearly seventeen million people. This territory comprises in part a vast coal-field, some six thousand feet above sea level, and thirty thousand square miles in area. These coal-beds have not been mined to any great extent, and the inhabitants, depending on agriculture in a country ill-fitted for it, are for the most part poor.

Southeast of Chili lies the great agricultural district of Shantung, with an area of fifty-three thousand square miles, and a population of twenty-seven million. This province borders on the Yellow Sea, and is noted for its mineral wealth, which will be spoken of more fully later. It pays the greatest land tax of any province, reaching the enormous sum of 2,800,000 taels annually, equal to over \$4,000,000.

Honan, on the south of Chili, comprises a part of the rich delta of the Yellow River, and has an area of 66,500 square miles, and a population of thirty million. Kaifung, situated near the great river, enjoys the renown of having been the metropolis of the empire from the close of the eighth to the beginning of the twelfth century.

Bordering Shantung on the south, and the Yellow Sea on the west, lies the land of lakes, Kiangsu, with an area of a little less than forty thousand square miles, and with a population of forty million people, or one thousand to a square mile. Nankin, the ancient metropolis of China (317 to 582, and again during the Ming dynasty in the fourteenth century), is its capital. Besides this city, it boasts of Shanghai and Suchau. This province the Chinese consider typical of an earthly paradise. There is an old saying which runs: "Happiness on earth is realised by being born in Suchau, by living in Canton, and by dying in Hangchow."

On the west of Kiangsu, the province of Anhwei comprises a goodly portion of the great delta, with an area of fifty-five thousand square miles, and a population of thirty-six million. It is a fertile province.

Southeast lies the smallest province in the empire, which has, however, an area of thirty-five million square miles and a population of over eight million. Hangehow, already mentioned as being regarded with particular favour, is the capital; it was described by Marco Polo as "the noblest town in the world." Beyond doubt, if the smallest in area, this province has been the most highly favoured by nature of any.

Southward, fringing the seacoast with its innumerable islands and points of land for over four hundred miles as the shore runs, is Fukien, the great tea-garden, famous for what it has been in the past and for what it is in the present. It has an area of forty-five thousand square miles, a population of twenty-two million, and the most interesting seaport in the empire, Fuchau, for its capital.



A CHINESE FAMILY.

Kiangsi lies on the west of Fukien, with an area of sixty-eight thousand square miles, and inhabited by twenty-six million people. Considerable manufacturing is done in this province.

On the north is Hupei, covering sixty-eight thousand square miles of territory, and supporting a population of twenty-eight million. This province holds the most fertile portion of China, and the great inland

commercial centre of Hankow, four hundred miles from Canton, is its capital.

Hunan, formerly a part of the last province, lies to the south. It is greater in area than the former, but cannot boast of as many inhabitants, having but twenty million, though an area of eighty-two thousand square miles. The population of this province suffered severely in loss of numbers by the noted Taiping rebellion, in which Chinese Gordon won his famous nickname.

Southeast of Hunan lies Kwangtung, with an extent of territory



BUDDHIST NUN AND ATTENDANT.

amounting nearly to ninety thousand square miles. Its capital is Canton; population, twenty million.

West of this province lies Kwangsi, with an area of eighty thousand square miles, and a population of eight million. The inland trading marts of Naning and Wuchau-fu are in this province.

On the northwest of Kwangtung is the province of Kweichau, with sixty-four thousand square miles, but only five million inhabitants. It is rich in mineral resources, but less favoured for agriculture, upon which the people depend for their sustenance.

On the west of Kweichau, and forming the southwest corner of the empire, is its richest province as regards mineral products, Yunnan, with

*A Slipper Boat. The Home of a Whole  
Family*









a population of six million, and an area of 122,000 square miles. The population of the section was greatly reduced during the great Mohammedan uprising and the terrible visitation of the plague which followed in its pathway.

Szechuen, the richest of the provinces, lies to the north of Yunnan, and is estimated to contain 180,000 square miles, with a population of sixty million people. The western part of this province, which borders



SEA VIEW AT POOTOO.

on Tibet, is sparsely peopled, while the eastern half is more densely populated, and is prosperous.

Bordering on the Great Wall of the northern frontier, and extending southward into the heart of the empire, is the province of Shensi, with an area in round numbers of eighty thousand square miles, and a population of perhaps ten million. This holds the classic ground of ancient China, the basin of Wei. Through this country runs the ancient path into the empire followed by the early pioneers of the Chinese, and at its present capital, Sian-fu, flourished in the early epochs the court of

Chang-ngan, celebrated for its arts and sciences. Sian-fu is noted for having been the capital of the empire longer than any other city, and Doctor Williams, in speaking of her great line of princes of the Tang dynasty who ruled here, says: "During the 287 years they held the throne, China was probably the most civilised country on earth, and the darkest days of the West formed the brightest era of the East."

Last and largest of the eighteen provinces, forming the broad highway into the Chinese Empire from the Tibetan highlands of Central Asia, lies, shaped like a huge hour-glass, the stupendous state of Kansu. Its area is 260,000 square miles, nearly as large as our own Texas, and larger than fifteen of our States, beginning with Maine and ending with West Virginia. It has a population of twenty million.

Of the immense number of islands lying off its coast, two are deserving of special mention. These are Hainan and Chusan. The first is 150 miles in length and one hundred in width. The surface of the island is generally mountainous, but is well wooded. The inhabitants, who resemble the mountaineers of interior China, are believed by some to belong to the descendants of the aborigines of the coast of Asia. They have Malayan characteristics, and, like the people of Formosa, are not inclined to accept Chinese government kindly. Chusan is the more noteworthy of the two, though the smaller, being scarcely twenty miles in length and with a width barely reaching six miles at its greatest breadth. It has a population of two hundred thousand, and became subject to Chinese rule in the seventh century. The island was practically in the possession of the British from 1840 to 1846, and again, after the stormy disturbances of that period, it was in their hands in 1860.

With its varied landscape and vast extent of territory, China, as is to be expected, has a climate running from the cold of the Frigid Zone to the heat of the Tropics, with all the interchanging temperatures imaginable. The wintry period, known to them as the "Great Cold," is dated to last from the 22d of January to the 6th of February, when the "Beginning of Spring" is supposed to take place. Summer begins on the 5th of May.

The empire is favoured with several great river systems, the largest of which is the Yangtse Kiang, known to the Chinese as Ta Kiang, or



“Great River.” It is navigable for river steamers for six hundred miles, and for smaller craft nine hundred miles farther. This river is the “Quain” mentioned by Marco Polo, as the two provinces mentioned as bearing the name of Kwang, with its variations, constituted a part of the Kingdom of Manzi, so fully described by him. In his day, Manzi was a name applied to Southern China, while the rest was known as Cathay. The Yangtse River drains the central regions from the extreme



IMPERIAL MARITIME CUSTOMS HOUSE.

west to the sea, while the Hoang-ho, with headwaters in the Mountains of Kokonor, which by flowing northward into Mongolia forms a huge horseshoe on the face of the country, delivers its silt and flood into the Yellow Sea. The first is aptly termed the “River of Tea,” while the latter is quite as appropriately, if more sadly, named the “River of Sorrow.” Besides these great rivers, of which we shall presently speak further, China has other systems of waterways worthy of mention, among which are the Si Kiang, or West River, of the south, and the

Pei-Ho, or North River, upon whose banks stand the noted cities of Peking and Tien-tsin.

The names of the rivers afford an example of the lack of uniformity and completeness in the nomenclature of China. From the time it springs from its fountain in the hills until its career ends in the ocean a stream may be known by a dozen or more names. The mountain range has now first one designation and then another. The names of the towns and villages are more changeable and confusing, seldom being permanent. The empire itself has no national denomination, and its people no settled patronymic to distinguish them as a race.

Fortunate in the distribution of her rivers, China is equally favoured in the geographical situation and surroundings of her commercial centres. There are four of these that demand our immediate attention, the most southerly being Canton, the Manchester of China, finely and yet singularly located at the junction of three rivers, the Si (West), Pei (North), and Pearl. Second is Shanghai, the New York of China, at the mouth of the Yangtse River, while over seven hundred miles up the same river is the big midland market, the Chicago of the empire, Hankow, by some authorities spelled Hankau. In the north, built up by the trade in that vicinity, is Tien-tsin, reached by navigation, while eighty miles up the river is the capital of the empire. It will be seen that all of these business centres are situated upon waterways, and have drawn the trade and communication from other, and often distant, parts. Hankow's position is about the same distance north of Canton that it is south of Tien-tsin and west of Shanghai. To reach the inland districts means hundreds of miles of weary plodding along miserable roads and mere footpaths, or along winding streams filled with rapids.

In the midst of our reflections and earnest watchfulness, we realise that we are entering the broad mouth of a mighty river, the Yangtse, which has brought its offerings over three thousand miles, from the highlands of Tibet, the "Roof of the World." This mighty stream drains an extent of territory scarcely inferior to that of any of the great rivers of the globe. Finally, we come to a bar stretching nearly across the river, which is known to the Chinese as the "Heavenly Barrier." Here we stop, while launches come down to meet us, the news of our arrival



KOWLOON, A MILITARY STATION OPPOSITE HONG-KONG.





having sped on the "winged wires" to this foreign empress sitting on the ancient shore. It is a more imposing city than we had supposed, and our ideas of the eastern coast of Asia immediately assume different shape. Later, we hope to see the city at closer range, but we see enough now to find that it is more attractive than we had expected, that massive stone buildings front the bund, and that there are fine public gardens. We realise, too, that we are in front of a great tea-growing country.



ISLAND IN THE RIVER YANGTSE.

If Pekin is the seat of government, Shanghai is the commercial capital of China.

We take passage now on one of the steamers that ply between Shanghai and the lower ports, touching next at the great tea mart of Hangchow (Hankow), which is noted as being the starting-point of the "Grand Canal" running northward through a rich country to Tien-tsin. This town is set in a perfect garden of the important herb. Little of this tea comes to America, England and Russia being the chief buyers. We are told that a pleasant trip into the country can be made by steamer on the Tsien-sang River. Vivid accounts are given us, as we watch the strange shore off Chin-kiang, of adventures with wild boars that roam



the hills. They serve to recall the stirring tiger-hunts of Marco Polo, and produce a not unlike impression on the hearer.

The River Min has its source in the famous hills of Behoea, and winds down to the sea through the rich tea districts of Fukien, becoming the

natural canal for the transportation of this plant. It is navigable for large vessels for more than a hundred miles. Like many of the rivers of China, it finally empties into the ocean through more than one outlet. The harbour is thirty miles inland from the mouth of this stream, another peculiarity of the Chinese coast. This place is known as "Pagoda Anchorage," on account of an old pagoda standing on a small island in plain sight. As we shall often meet with the word "pagoda," it may not be out of



PAGODA IN SOUTHERN CHINA.

place to say here that it has become accepted by the Chinese, to a considerable extent, in place of their own term of *Ta*, applied to that kind of a high tower erected by them in or near their towns, and supposed to bring good luck. The origin of the word is in doubt, but

no one seems to trace it back to the Chinese. Colonel Yule says it was used by the old Portuguese writers in the sense of an idol, as well as a temple for idols. He is inclined to think it is of Indian origin. *Mandarin*, *Joss*, and *Chop* are not properly Chinese words, though we shall meet them frequently wherever we go. The first is a Portuguese corruption of *Sansk*, rendered into *Mantri*, meaning a minister of state.

This peculiar foreign structure looming' in the distance lends an uncommon fascination to a scene, regarding which Mr. John Thomson says: "But for this purely Chinese edifice, one might readily suppose himself transported suddenly to a scene on the River Clyde. There stand the houses of a foreign settlement, and yonder are a dock, tall chimneys, and rows of workshops, whence the clangour of steam-hammers and the hum of engines may be heard. Here, in fact, is the Fuchau Arsenal, on a piece of level ground redeemed from a swamp, and looking in the distance like an English manufacturing village." We are struck by the great width of the harbour here, considering that it is so far inland.

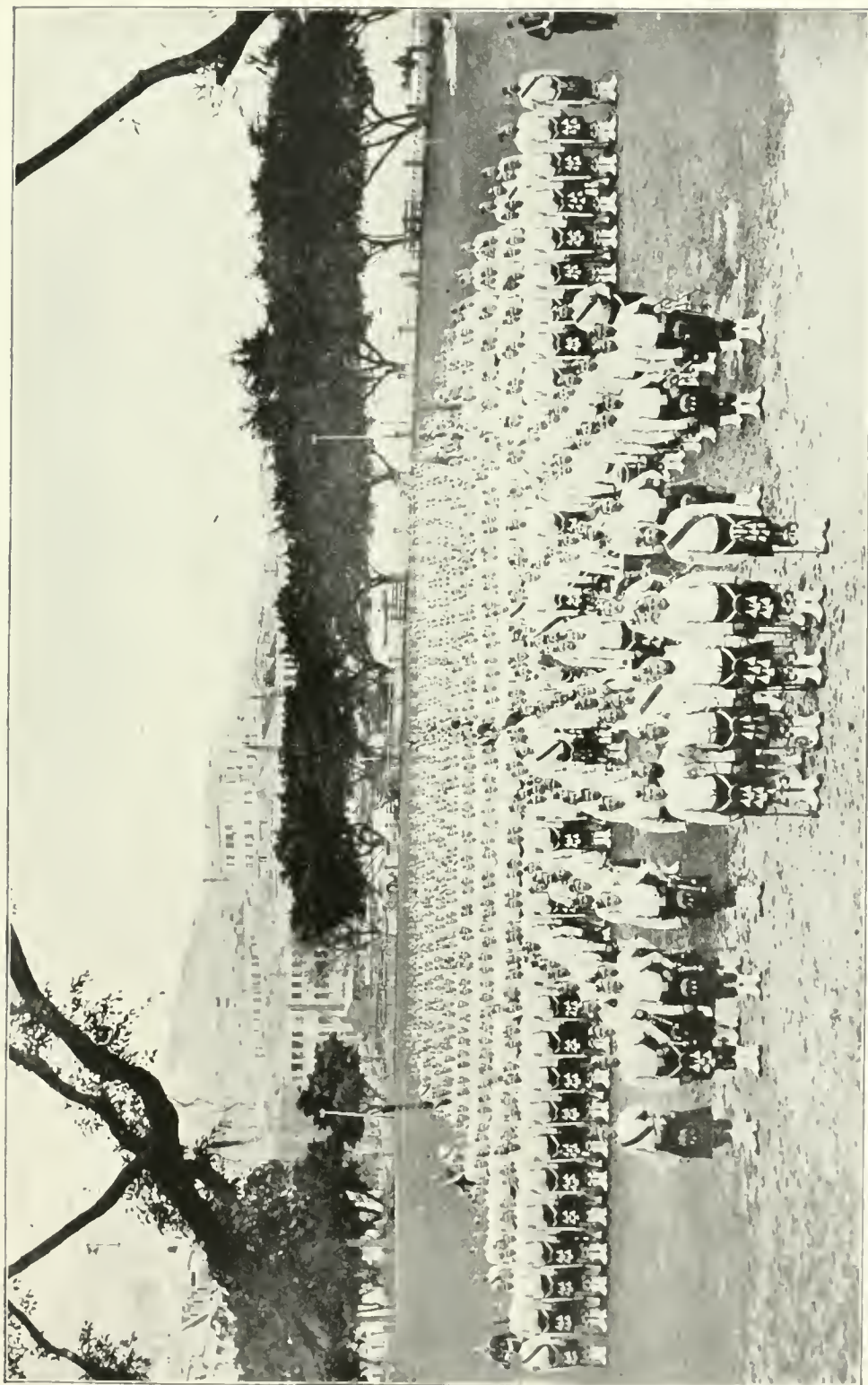
## CHAPTER II.

### THE MOUNTAIN MONASTERY.

WE are soon interested in the sight of European men-of-war, and we are pointed out the Chinese navy yard and arsenal of Fuchau (Foochow), with its live interest of river life and green-carpeted hillsides sloping down to the sea. This town stands about seven miles from the harbour, and possesses, perhaps, greater attractions for the foreign visitor than any other port.

Naturally, the first place to draw the stranger is the foreign settlement, which is separated from the native section, as in all towns in this country. This quarter is reached over a bridge famous for its ancient construction, and is known as the "bridge of ten thousand ages." It is a plain stone structure, built with no attempt at display, but with durability uppermost in the minds of its builders. The fact that it has stood the test of over nine hundred years, without any particular signs of the inroads of sun and storm, is ample proof of the success of its originators, while the massive blocks of granite, some of them forty feet in length, show the skill of the ancient engineers in raising them from the water to their high stone piers. The bridge is fully a quarter of a mile in length.

The residences of these newcomers are on the hillside and summit which we have mentioned, and which have a melancholy interest when we are told that the entire sunny terraces comprise the tomb where sleep the many victims of one of the great plagues that have visited China. As may be understood, bitter opposition arose at the outset in regard to allowing the hated "barbarians" to locate on this sacred place, but money, that potent factor, eventually decided the dispute, and healed the wounds created by this desecration of the hallowed spot. The spirits of the dead, in turn, were quieted by liberal offerings at their shrines, so that to-day the foreign resident abides peacefully above the ashes of the Celestial, whose bones help feed the luxuriant sward and flowers of well-kept ter-



BRITISH TROOPS, HONG-KONG.





races. The "almighty dollar," as we vulgarly designate it, is here known as the "Flowered Border," but this incident shows that it loses none of its significance as a factor in shaping the affairs of men on account of its poetical name. In no land is so high an estimate placed upon it as in China, and if there is a spot on earth where it is *almighty*, it is in the Chinese Empire. By the way, when one comes to think of it, there is something singular, if not uncanny, in thus peopling with a dual



THE BUND AT HANKOW.

population the burial hills of Fuchan. These dwellings are reached by long and arduous ascents, up which the inhabitants are borne on the shoulders of the natives. Seen after nightfall through the thick foliage, the lanterns of the chair-bearers gleam like so many fireflies ascending into mid-air, as the men move in a zigzag course up the narrow avenues.

Barren, indeed, is that place which has nothing to afford the stranger at least a passing interest, and Fuchan is rich in its offerings. Were there no other attraction, the monastery of Yuan-fu, built on the side of a high precipice overlooking the River Min, would redeem its reputation. Stand-

ing out in bold relief on the rocky front of the bluff, two hundred feet in mid-air, its broad, curved eaves and fantastic roofs make it look like a huge butterfly, impaled, at the moment of winging its flight, upon the skeleton-work of wooden posts and cross-timbers. This lofty retreat, one of the strangest locations for a house of worship to be found in the world, is reached by a long flight of stone steps, which end amid an abundant growth of ferns and wild flowers overhung by the delicate



PROCESSION OF BUDDHIST PRIESTS ENTERING TEMPLE.

green of the forest overhead. The path leads to a cave in the side of the hill. At the foot of the rocks, its grim figure lighted by the blaze from burning incense, is an idol, while above this the path is cut in the surface of the rock. The mountain is known as the Wu-lu, or "five tiger," range.

We found two monks in possession of the frail house built in that precarious position, which made us fear that the whole affair, with all its occupants, would topple into the depths below. A third priest made

up the complement belonging to the place, but he was away at the time. One of the pious fathers present was fat and jolly, while his companion made the pair complete by being thin and austere. It would be difficult to find two of such opposite temperaments as well as physical appearance. One was continually mumbling his prayers, and the other telling stories that would tax the credulity of the least skeptical. The most onerous service they were expected to perform was to ascend at the hour of the setting sun to the temple just above them, and repeat their daily supplication to the overruling deity. As this prayer was simply a repetition of what they had said many times, the task was not particularly difficult. We were invited to accompany them, and among the images of the place we noticed one so grotesque in its facial expression that we displayed our Yankee curiosity by inquiring what it represented. We were informed that it was the god of longevity, "the laughing Buddha." In front of this far from pleasing image was the oddest timepiece we ever saw. It consisted of a bronze box half filled with clay, into which were stuck side by side several thin strips of wood, one of the number burning at the upper end. As each of these sticks is cut to burn just twelve hours, by lighting a new one while the old one is expiring the time can be measured quite accurately, and can be told at any hour to within a few minutes. We are gravely informed that this ember of fire, like the sacred torch of the temple of ancient faith in Japan and the vestal fires of Rome, has been alive from time immemorial.

The abode of these monks is of the most simple construction and furnishings, the walls being merely thin boards covered with a coat of lime, the furniture nothing more than a chair apiece, a table, and a bed, all made of pine. Upon the bed was a scanty covering for the sleepers, and wooden rests for their heads in lieu of pillows. I should judge the cold might be severe there in the winter, but as it was summer-time when our party stopped with them, we suffered but little from the temperature. The evening's duties over, and the yellow canonicals removed, the pipes were lighted, and the fat priest, having made himself as comfortable as possible, pointed out in the distance an eerie crag overhanging the river. As we fixed our gaze upon the spot, slowly fading from view in the gathering twilight, he proved himself not entirely lost to the world by narrating the following romantic story, which lends its mite to the wide fame of



"Lover's Leap." We regret our inability to retain in our transcription of the simple tale the peculiar charm lent to it by the narrator; that is quite beyond our power.

"During the reign of one of the early dynasties, when war was carrying terror to the hearts of the native people, there lived in this vicinity a peasant and his family, consisting of a wife, a son, and a daughter. The last was very beautiful, so beautiful, in fact, that she had many



CURIOSLY SHAPED ROCKS (POOTOO).

sniters, though she met them all with an indifference which was exceedingly discouraging to her parents. But one day there came to her father's dwelling a man who was to change all this. He was none other than the prince, of whom she had heard the highest praise, and he certainly was extremely handsome. So she thought, while she bewailed her fate at being a peasant's daughter, and thus could have no hope of wedding a prince. His thoughts ran much in the same channel, and, while he rested himself from his long chase of a wild boar, he decided that she was

the most beautiful maiden he had ever met. He wondered what his proud father would say, should he take her to be his bride. As they separated on that afternoon, an unrest came into the life of each which had been quite unknown before, and a longing both delightful to nurture and hopeless to foster.

"Six months passed without the lovers meeting, when one afternoon the peasant's family was startled by the appearance of an armed force at their house. This body was led by a young man of swarthy skin and the flashing eye of the wild barbarians then overrunning the country. So well was he known to them by the accounts which had come of his daring and desolating deeds, that all recognised him as the most dreaded enemy of their race, Toga the Tartar.

"His followers carried now the torch that had desolated so many homes, and the biting blade that had taken so many innocent lives. But as the first was to be applied to the home of Lianyang, the peasant, while he and his wife and children begged



STONE CAMELS AT MING TOMBS.

to be spared, the eye of the conqueror fell on the tearful face of the fair maid, and he waved back his mob, while he exclaimed:

"Lift not a hand against the maid! She is the fairest flower I have seen since we crossed the border, and, by the god that lights my path, she shall be my empress when I rule Manzi, as I am bound to do ere the rising of another moon."

"Thus the lives, not only of the maid, but also of her father, mother, and brother, were spared, though it was a time of great fright among them all. From the talk which they overheard, it was learned that the Tartar band was on its way to surprise Prince Li Hang, then encamped in a valley some thirty *lis* (about ten miles) away. Should Toga succeed in accomplishing this surprise, farewell then to the hopes of the people. The



alarm of the maid, Wou, was greater than that of the others, as she thought of the fate impending over her lover, and she resolved to save him and his army, if possible.

“So far and fast had the Tartars come that their chieftain deemed it wise to rest awhile here, and in the gray twilight steal down upon Prince Li and his men. So Wou had a little time in which to think and act, though Toga seemed determined that she should not leave his presence.



CHINESE PONY.

Neither was she allowed to speak with her father or mother. Under the jealous watchfulness of her captor-lover there seemed small chance for her to escape, much less to warn the prince of his deadly peril. But her woman's wit soon came to her assistance, and, under the excuse of going for a choice melon for her new-found admirer, she was allowed to quit his side for a brief while. She now lost no time in fleeing from the house, but she had barely gained the cover of the forest ere the wild shouts of the Tartars told that her flight had been discovered. Then followed an exciting scene.

“Wou fled down the valley in the direction of Prince Li's camp, but she had not gone far before she knew that it was a hopeless flight. The swift-footed sons of the north were fast overtaking her, and, just as she came down close upon the high cliff overlooking the ancient Min, her pursuers burst into sight, Toga in the lead. He shouted for her to stop. In another moment she would be again in his power, and then farewell to her happiness. She had rather die than to become his captive, and without hesitation she ran straight toward the brink of the precipice, resolving to baffle her foe by leaping to death upon the rocks at the foot of the bluff. It was a desperate resolution, but when have the Chinese not shown themselves capable of meeting death with unflinching nerve? Wou proved herself a worthy daughter of the country of Min.

“So far the tale has narrated no more than what many another poor maid has suffered. Now the wonderful takes place. As Wou ran to the edge of the rock, and, with a swift prayer to Buddha, sprang out over the appalling abyss, a dark form shot out from a thicket near by, and dropped just under her. It was one of the tigers that lived then in these parts, and whether he had been frightened from his lair at the sudden appearance of the hunted girl, or whether the good Goddess of Mercy had known the poor maid's distress, and sent the creature to save her, only the great and wise One knows. In our prayers we remember the goddess.

“The tiger saved Wou's life, and, while the wild creature carried her in safety to the bed of rocks, its own form was crushed and lifeless. But it perished not alone that day. Toga and his closest followers, unaware of the terrible trap in their pathway, followed their fugitive over the brink, and the Tartar chief was among the dead. His loss was so great that the others were unable to carry on the warfare, so Prince Li was saved, the empire of Manzi was secure, and Li and the beautiful Wou reigned together as its sovereigns.”



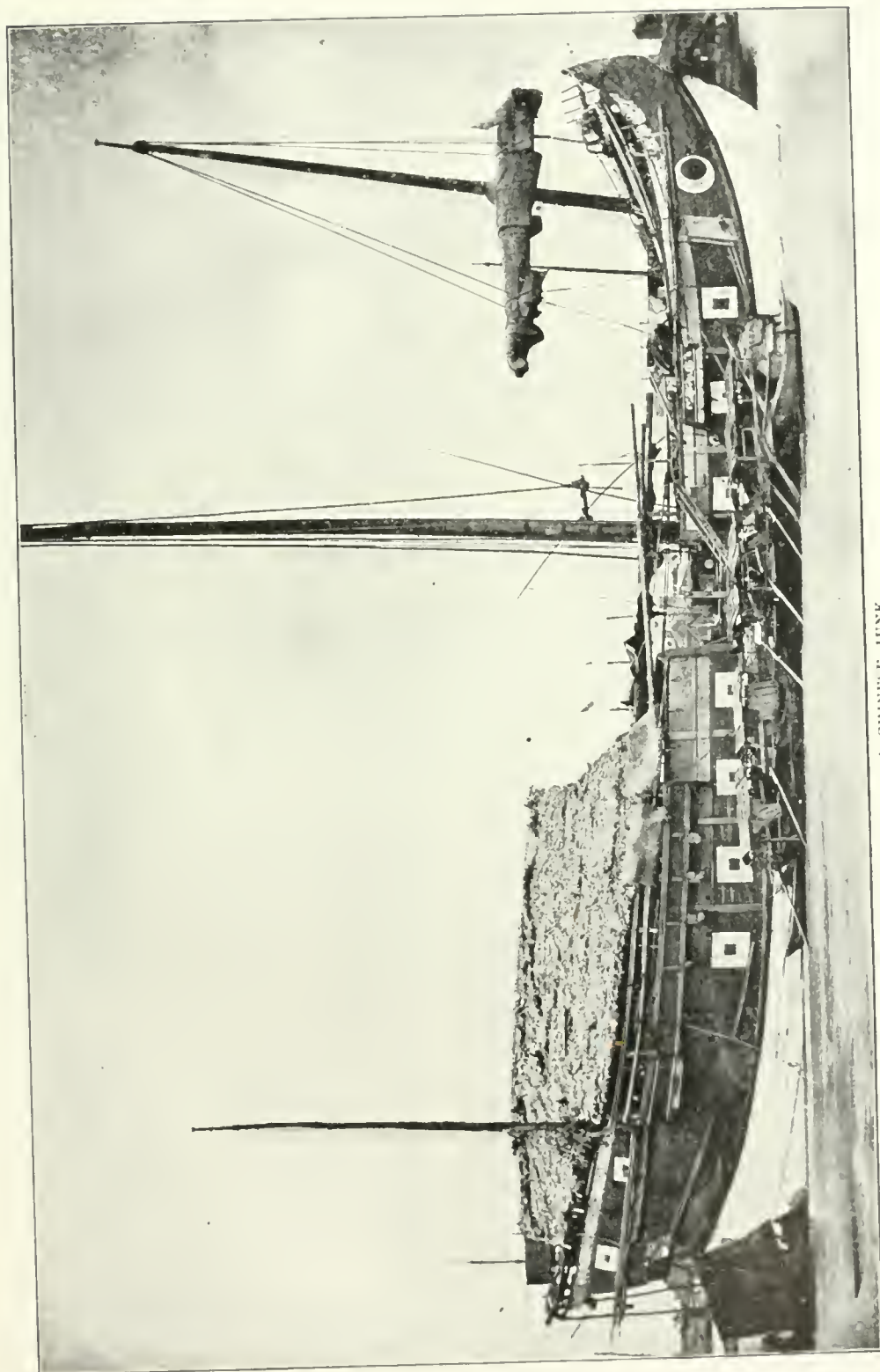
VIEW NEAR TING-HAI, CHUSAN ARCHIPELAGO.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE ISLAND OF FLOWERS.

ABOVE Fuchan we pass through olive and orange plantations, over which hang the sweet fragrance of the fruit and the mist of the waterfall, making the place seem like a corner in fairyland. At some of the towns that we pass through, an ancient Chinaman is to be seen seated at a bamboo table, on a bamboo chair, smoking a bamboo pipe, while he looks out from his bamboo hut like a sentinel at his post, as he has done for half a century, more or less, keeping watch over an orchard just behind him. For a small sum one of these is induced to leave his post long enough to escort us through fields of sugar-cane, along the edge of orange groves, and in sight of tea grounds and rice fields to the small hamlet of brick dwellings comprising the sleepy inland town.

One of these villages, Shui-kan (Shoo-kow), situated on a hillside, boasts of its water-works, which supply the houses of the town with water from a spring on the mountain a mile away by means of bamboo spouts and gutters. Considering that this is one of the very few cases of adequate



A CHINESE JUNK.







supply of good water that we see, we do not blame the people here for their pride.

Farther on we pass under stately camphor-trees, looking noble in their majestic height of more than a hundred feet, rising with a gradual taper without the symmetry of their bodies being broken by a branch. Some of these are from four to five feet in diameter, and never did grander specimens of the ancient woods rise over man. Anon trees of greater age bow



MAUSOLEUM OF A NOBLEMAN.

their mighty heads over the river, their thick foliage made dense by matings of climbing vines and parasite plants, which hang flaunted like hoary festoons in our very faces. Rattan plants grow here and there in great profusion, while orchids of a delicious perfume fill in the niches of this vast wildwood garden. White lilies of matchless size and remarkable beauty lift their bright-hued pennons to a height that would puzzle a tall man to reach with a yard-stick lifted over his head.

A city of particular interest to Americans is that of Yan-ping, built under the very shadows of the purple-topped mountains, and standing on

a hill, looking down into the river. It is noted for having a Methodist mission chapel, conducted now by a native missionary. The air is bracing and well adapted to consumptives, but the means for keeping warm in the cold season are so primitive that men go about carrying small charcoal furnaces under their clothing in order to keep in any way comfortable. These furnaces are made of copper, and are encased in bamboo baskets. They make the men appear to have grotesque figures, and the first idea a stranger forms is that he has fallen in with a race of humpbacks.

Fuchan has another monastery we must describe, when we will bid adieu to the storied Min, which, like the European Rhine, flows through a historic land. The Ku-shan, or "Drum Mountain," stands about eight miles from the town, and it is claimed was at one time infested with poisonous reptiles and dragons, which had the power to bring storms upon the sea and famine upon the land. Finally the situation got so bad that the people despaired of ever doing anything, and they began to seek homes far away. In the midst of this terror a certain wise man named Ling-chian was implored to devise some way by which the country might be rid of the scourge. This man immediately went into the midst of this ill-fated and dreaded spot, armed with no more deadly weapon than a favourite ritualistic work called the Hua-yen doctrine. This work he began to read in a loud voice, and no sooner had the venomous creatures begun to listen than certain ones commenced to crawl away, — whether in disgust or alarm or influenced by some more potent agency, who can say, — until the reader stood alone in the solitude of the valley under the ancient mountain. Nor did any of the reptiles ever return. The emperor, upon hearing of this wonderful achievement, caused to be erected on this spot, as a monument of Ling-chian's good work, the Hua-yen monastery. This was in 784 A. D., and since then the original structure has been replaced by a successor, and that in turn by another much larger than the first. The sacred building stands in the midst of a grove of venerable pines, its main entrance perpetually guarded by four sentries which are images of the Buddhist faith. This retreat is the Mecca of many travel-worn pilgrims, some of whom come hundreds of miles to pay their respects to the carved gods of the Buddha religion, "The Holy Trinity," whose colossal figures tower over thirty feet in height. In front of each is the customary altar, strewn with candelabra and other daily offerings to the religion. A pecul-

iar feature of this place is the high veneration held for animals that have shown in any way an instinct beyond that usually displayed by their kind. Hence large numbers of the brute creation are cared for here as sacred creatures, and whenever or wherever an animal displays uncommon sagacity it is sure to be received at Hua-yen with tender regard.

Over two hundred monks live here in their simple way, spending much of their time in sitting like mummies, supposed to be reviewing the set



BUDDHIST TEMPLE.

precepts of their religion. The silence which seems a part of the solemn scene is broken by the soft notes of a water bell, which never ceases to send forth its monotonous melody. At regular intervals the deep bass of the tower bell rings forth its awakening message under the manipulation of one of the faithful servants of Buddha.

Soon after leaving Fuchau we enter the Fukien channel, the island of Formosa lying off on our left. Geologists believe that this detached strip of country originally formed a part of the mainland of Asia, though a hundred miles of water now separate it from the mother continent. The



naturalist aids his argument by showing that the flora and fauna are identical with those of China.

Now we reach Amoy, noted for its orchards of that delicious fruit, pomeloes, which thrives here in its native soil as it will nowhere else, and that grass cloth, which is a natural product of the place. Amoy is guarded at its approach by huge granite sentinels, whose bare shoulders stand grim



WATER BUFFALOES.

and ominous beside the entrance to the harbour. The gray heads of some of these rise several feet above the tide, and are looked upon with great veneration by the natives as being dispensers of good luck to those who ply their craft on these waters. They are associated with the *Feng-shui*, or good fortune of the locality. The harbour is thronged with junks carrying loads of tea, a large proportion of which comes from Formosa, which has been such a thorn in the side of China for centuries. Before visiting Amoy long enough to speak particularly of the town, we purpose to make

a flying trip to the island whose name has been dimmed in our ears ever since Japan was first mentioned.

The Portuguese, noted for their sentimentality in designating countries, named this *Isla Formosa*, the Beautiful Island. It extends in a northerly and southerly course for about 250 miles, and its greatest width is eighty miles. A lofty range of mountains, with peaks nearly fourteen thousand feet in height, runs like a backbone the entire length of the island. Like all countries, it was originally populated by a race of savages, who were driven back into the mountainous districts by the early Chinese, who came over in small parties. But with all of their settlements, the people from the continent have never to any extent crossed this natural barrier dividing the island, and to this day this territory of the highlands is held largely by the aborigines.

The capital of Formosa is the ancient city of *Tai-wan-fu*, a walled town of about seventy-five thousand inhabitants. Bewildering accounts survive in regard to the founding of this city by the natives of the *Fukien* province and the *Hak-kas* from China. The descendants of these people are the principal inhabitants at the present time, not only of this city, but of the surrounding country, which they are rapidly improving.

*Tai-wan-fu* has a stirring history. At one time it was under Dutch control, which is still shown by the ruins of old Fort *Provincia* and the extensive parks filled with groves of venerable bamboos and other trees. But after twelve months of fierce struggles against the Chinese corsair *Koxinga* and his followers, in 1661 it was wrested from the Dutch and sacked by the conquerors, as mentioned in our history of the Philippines. Other scenes of horror have taken place within more recent years, and just outside the city we come upon a barren plain known as "the death ground," where, on the morning of an August day in 1842, 160 Europeans were led out under sentence of death, followed by a hooting, exultant mob, eager to behold the execution of the "foreign devils." Their wild joy was swiftly turned to terror and wails of sorrow, when, as if an act of speedy retribution, one of the worst storms of that country burst upon the scene unheralded. In the twinkling of an eye turbid streams were formed on the surface of the dry earth, which overflowed the level land; huge trees were uprooted by the tornado, and houses caught up and carried away on its wings of wind like toys. Above the



tumult of the elements rang the death-cries of the doomed wretches, over two thousand of whom it is believed perished. The superstitious survivors claimed it was the seal of God's anger put upon the execution of innocent lives, and that the rain fell to wash clean the ground of the blood of the slain.

There is no harbour at Tai-wan-fu now, though the accounts of the Dutch say that they anchored their ships in a safe haven between an



GANG OF PRISONERS WEARING THE CANGUE.

island where the old Fort Zelandia stands and the Provincia. Koxinga's fleet found a spacious harbour where now rises the arid plain of Tewara outside of the city. At the present time a vessel is obliged to anchor two miles away. The town is reached from the ships by means of that curious craft called the *catamaran*, which is simply a raft of bamboo poles lashed together with rattan. These ribs of the strange float are bent, after having been toughened, so as to form a hollow in the middle. It is arranged to carry a single sail by means of a fastening near the centre. The passengers are expected to sit squat in a big tub, capable of holding

four persons in this uncomfortable position. There is nothing for one to do to keep from being rolled into the sea, during the lurches of the clumsy craft, except to cling to the rim of this crude "cabin." Woe to him who gets caught in one of these shallops during a monsoon.

In spite of the warlike scenes forming the background of its history, the city looks sleepy enough to-day. It occupies in extent about five miles of territory, and has many fertile fields and luxuriant gardens, the entrance to which is made along a network of paths running between overhanging walls of cactus and wild fuchsias, illuminated with their bril-



BRIDGE NEAR SHANGHAI.

liant flowers and the convolvulus hanging in huge clusters. At other places one walks for a long distance between walls of bamboo, their pointed crests forming an archway of delicate symmetry and beauty.

Wherever one goes in Formosa, the centres of population are distinguished afar off by the groves of areca palms and bamboos, which line sylvan pathways leading into the villages. Upon nearer approach, the odour of sweet smelling flowers, among which are most conspicuous the wild white roses that peep profusely from the hedges, fills the air. The Chinese are passionately fond of flowers, which fact is attested in every part of the Flowery Kingdom. Here they are favoured with the

choicest treasures of the Temperate zone growing wild in abundance beside their brighter and more luxuriant sisters of the Tropics. Here, too, the bright prospect is enlivened by the cheery song of the field lark, common also to certain parts of Southern China and in the valley of the Great River. The island is estimated to have a population of three million, five out of every six being Chinamen. Formosa now



A LOTUS POND.

belongs to Japan, with which it is really more closely associated, notwithstanding what has been said by the geologist and naturalist.

Our return to Amoy is made by steamer, after a week's stay on the Island of Flowers, and, upon landing on the mainland, we are soon impressed with the feeling that we shall not care to prolong our visit here. As in other Chinese cities, the native population is huddled together in dilapidated dwellings. The single street which runs the length of the town is narrow and so poorly paved that at night-time it is unsafe for even a native to find his way.

The place is under a cloud, resulting from unjust import duties, regu-





HONG-KONG HARBOUR.





lated mainly by local officials, and the war-tax called *Lekin*, which was the legacy of a petty rebellion in 1853, and has never been removed. To Amoy, however, the war proved anything but petty. As in the case of many another insurrection which has arisen in China, it originated from a secret order dispute. It has been designated as the "small knife" war, and the leader was believed to have been a Chinaman from Singapore. Should Amoy secure a more enterprising government, its future might be made bright, for it is really a port of considerable trade. Though the Japanese now control the commerce of Formosa, they cannot do otherwise than seek this place as their natural outlet for trade with China in tea, sugar, and other products.

Among the bright pictures of Amoy, amid much that is dark and unpromising, are the flower girls and flower-makers. The manufactories are in narrow, crooked alleyways of a dingy, dirty part of the city, but as the lily grows from the stagnant water, to yield its rare beauty and perfume where all else is foul, so these pretty artificial flowers spring from hands that are far from clean and surroundings that show little of the comforts, to say nothing of the fairer virtues, of life. After we have bought a bouquet from one of the little vendors, who comes dangerously near being pretty, she escorts us to one of the headquarters of this art of imitating nature, where we find many artificial roses, pinks, lilies, and azaleas so beautiful and perfect that we are fain to believe we can catch something of the perfume belonging to those of which they are such exact prototypes. They are made from the pith of a plant found in Formosa, and we see little tots scarcely large enough to stand alone, as well as the old and the middle-aged, fashioning with cunning fingers these beautiful imitations. We stand and watch them for some time, and when we make our purchase, murmured thanks fill our ears. We turn away reluctantly, carrying with us the peculiar sensation of feeling that we have looked upon a little corner of paradise in a wilderness of poverty.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE HUB OF THE WORLD.

LEAVING Amoy amid its shadows, a pleasant passage down the irregular coast-line soon brings us in sight of the island Gibraltar of the eastern continent, holding on its rock-bound shoulders the watch-dog of Asia, Hong-kong, of which we have been getting frequent, but vague, accounts ever since we entered the Far East. Our mind's eye has pictured it to us in the vivid colours of the imagination, and now, with mingled feelings of relief and pleasure that we are here at last, of wonder and strange fears for what we know not, we look eagerly forward for the reality of the dream. In the midst of our excitement the great white steamer glides between the brown, massive jaws of burnt rock forming Limoon Pass like a huge, snowy swan darting through the needle's eye of the big harbour, her pure white blending softly with the deep blue of the Oriental sky and the sapphire of the Celestial waters. In the distance, innumerable merchant ships lie at anchor, while the war-ships of all nations hover near by. Then we recall with a deep, personal interest, that it was at this port, on that memorable 26th of April, 1898, that our own Admiral Dewey received his order to set forth on his conquest of Manila, and incidentally of the Philippines, which was to herald the glory of American arms to the world. But we soon lose the thread of this thought in the confusion quickly following. The passengers are to be taken ashore on steam launches, and there is a general rush to see who shall be first. Hundreds of sampans, which seem to be manned entirely by women, shrill-voiced and fearless, swarm around us. We have seen nothing like this before.

Suddenly it dawns upon us with forceful truth, which we are not slow to appreciate, that we are virtually at the hub of the world. From this isolated port of a foreign empire, tottering on its ancient throne,

radiates, like the spokes from the hub of a gigantic wheel, routes to all parts of the universe. From this port the traveller may take passage to any country of his choice. "The Land of the Southern Cross," Australia, and "The Switzerland of the South Seas," New Zealand, lie both on a direct course; or one may pass under the azure skies of the Southern Seas so as to stop at the "Land of Afternoons," Samoa, and



VIEW IN HONG-KONG.

"The Gem of the Pacific," Tahiti; or, he may visit the "Garden of the East," Java; "The Pearl of the Orient," the Philippines; "The Paradise of the Pacific," Hawaii, and, keeping on, enter through the "Golden Gate" of the American Republic. Another route will take him through the equatorial centre of the Orient, India, leading him on through the Red Sea and the Suez Canal into the sunny calm of the blue Mediterranean. But those ocean trips are not fixed in our mind. We are to see China, and to undertake the colossal journey of six thousand miles into the

interior of the oldest empire on earth. While we glance over the Oriental city under Occidental rule, we shall incidentally arrange for this stupendous inland trip.

Hong-kong has been fitly described as "situated on the steep slope of a mountain. As it rises from the sea, and terrace by terrace climbs the eighteen hundred feet to the summit of the peak, it is most imposing and beautiful. Again the white houses seem to be slipping down the bold hillside and spreading out at the water's edge in a frontage of more than three miles. The lines of the two viaducts, named for a couple of favourite governors, the Bown and the Kennedy Roads, draw white coronals around the brow of the mountain, and terraced roads band the hillside with long white lines. All the luxuriant green of the slopes is due to man's agency, and since the island was ceded to England, in 1841, afforestation has wrought miracles. A cable road communicates with the peak, and at night, when the harbour is bright with myriads of lights and trails of phosphorescence, the whole slope glows and twinkles with electricity, gas, and oil, and the lights of the cable-cars are fiery beads slipping up and down an invisible cord." The island on which the city stands is nearly eleven miles in length, with an extreme width of four miles, which narrows in places to one-half that distance.

The city has a European population of some ten thousand, while the Chinese inhabitants, mostly located on the lower levels of the town, number over two hundred thousand. In addition to these figures the harbour holds a floating population of twenty thousand people who live upon boats, and who manage to obtain a living by fishing or working on the vessels in the harbour. These quite constitute a race by themselves, though not confined to this locality, as they live in the waters of Amoy, on Pearl River, and in other places along the Asiatic coast. They are noted as being weather-wise. Keeping a constant watch over the state of the atmosphere, they can tell to within a few hours the approach of a typhoon, which is a source of dread by all. Before others have noticed any indication of the rising gale, they will be seen making in a body for the shore of the mainland, where they will remain until the elements have spent their fury. Then they will return to their usual place as if no change had disturbed them. The men are hardy, weather-beaten, and often ill-favoured; but the women are sometimes finely formed and attractive of



feature. Few men wear any clothing above the waist, though the females go well-dressed, and appear clean and modest.

The first impression of the stranger, as he sets his foot on land, can hardly be favourable, especially if he is an American or a European. This

is caused by the mixed crowd of people that jostle against him, and beseech him for all sorts of concessions, with a complete indifference to good manners. Among these motley members of this singularly peopled city, where the East and the West clasp hands, where Europe mingles with Asia, Oceanica with both, and America with all, he meets the Jew, Turk, Mohammedan, Briton, Frenchman, German, Hindu, Javanese, Malay, Japanese, Parsee, Sikh, Cingalese, Portuguese, half-caste,



WIRE-ROPE TRAMWAY, HONG-KONG.

with others that he cannot name, and everywhere the hard-featured Chinese coolie, carrying loaded poles, buckets, baskets, sedan-chair, or trotting before a chunsy jinrikisha. Miss Scidmore aptly says: "An Indian *ayah*, swathed in white, descends the long stairway of a side street; a Sikh policeman stands statuesque and imperial at a corner;

a professional mender, with owlsh spectacles, sits by her basket of rags, darning and patching; a barber drops his pole and boxes, and begins to operate upon a customer; rows of coolies sitting against some greasy wall submit their heads to one another's friendly attention; a group of pig-tailed youngsters play a sort of shuttlecock with their feet; peddlers split one's ears with their yells; fire-crackers sputter and bang their appeals to joss; and from the harbour comes the boom of naval salutes for some arriving man-of-war, the admiral, governor, or a consul paying ship visits." If all this is confusing we must nevertheless soon get used to it, since we begin at once our tour of the most interesting parts of the city.

Hong-kong is justly proud of her groves of palms, her minnosas in blossom, her banyan-shaded roads, and her botanical gardens. We ascend to higher grounds in a sedan-chair, carried on the shoulders of two wiry coolies, who charge us at the rate of twenty-five cents an hour. If this is thought high, it will still be best to submit quietly, and to look out how one makes his trade next time. Confused cries and bitter imprecations reach our ears from a short distance away, where some one has attempted to cut down the wages of his chair-man. The matter is not settled as we move out of hearing, glad to escape from getting mixed up in the affair. It is well that the new cable road to the peak has reduced the number who travel in this way. Many, however, still go by chair and jinrikisha, which is considered in poorer taste but cheaper; some choose the latter methods of travelling for the novelty of the trip, if for no other reason.

We soon find ourselves picking up the peculiar idioms of the country, the "pigeon-English" that the newcomer gladly accepts so that he may be understood enough to get around without a *tin-chai*, or guide and interpreter. We hear some one calling "*chop chop*," which means "be lively;" another says "*makee*," and wishes to be understood to mean "all right,"—a common assent to whatever is taking place. Such expressions as *chow chow*, or the single *chow*, for "food," *catch* for "buy" or "bring," *pieccc* for "article," *shi fang* for "free," *pu shi*, "no," *kwoh*, "country, wide," etc., *yut sum* for "have patience," *lee ne shu* for "come here," *fie tee* for "be quick," *chin* for "we," and others, help one over the rough places to a wonderful extent. The occupant of the chair manages his bearers very much as he would control a horse in this country, only it

is done without reins. If he wants to be put down on the right-hand side of the street he raps the pole on that side, or if the case is different he strikes the opposite bar. He raps for them to start, and he raps for them to stop. They, in turn, rap for him to sit still when he begins to move about, and if he fails to sit so that an easy equilibrium can be kept he is rapped to the position desired.

We are attracted by a district possessing the high-sounding name, Tai Ping Shang, or "Hill of Great Peace," and thither we wend our steps at



HAO-KU TEMPLE AT HONG-KONG.

the earliest opportunity. We soon find, however, that the name is an illusion, a gilded title to designate a casket of shame. It is a Chinese quarter, the "Five Points of Hong-kong." Here sulk the outlaws of society, and here the vagabonds of the race seek the hollow pleasures of low life. Here dissolute women and unprincipled men eke out a miserable existence. Here are found public houses which no foreigner can understand, and lodging-houses which he would shrink from knowing. The entertainment seeker visits a peculiar institution known as the "music hall." We are content to give the description of another, having no doubt that this



description will answer for all, and they are not uncommon by any means.

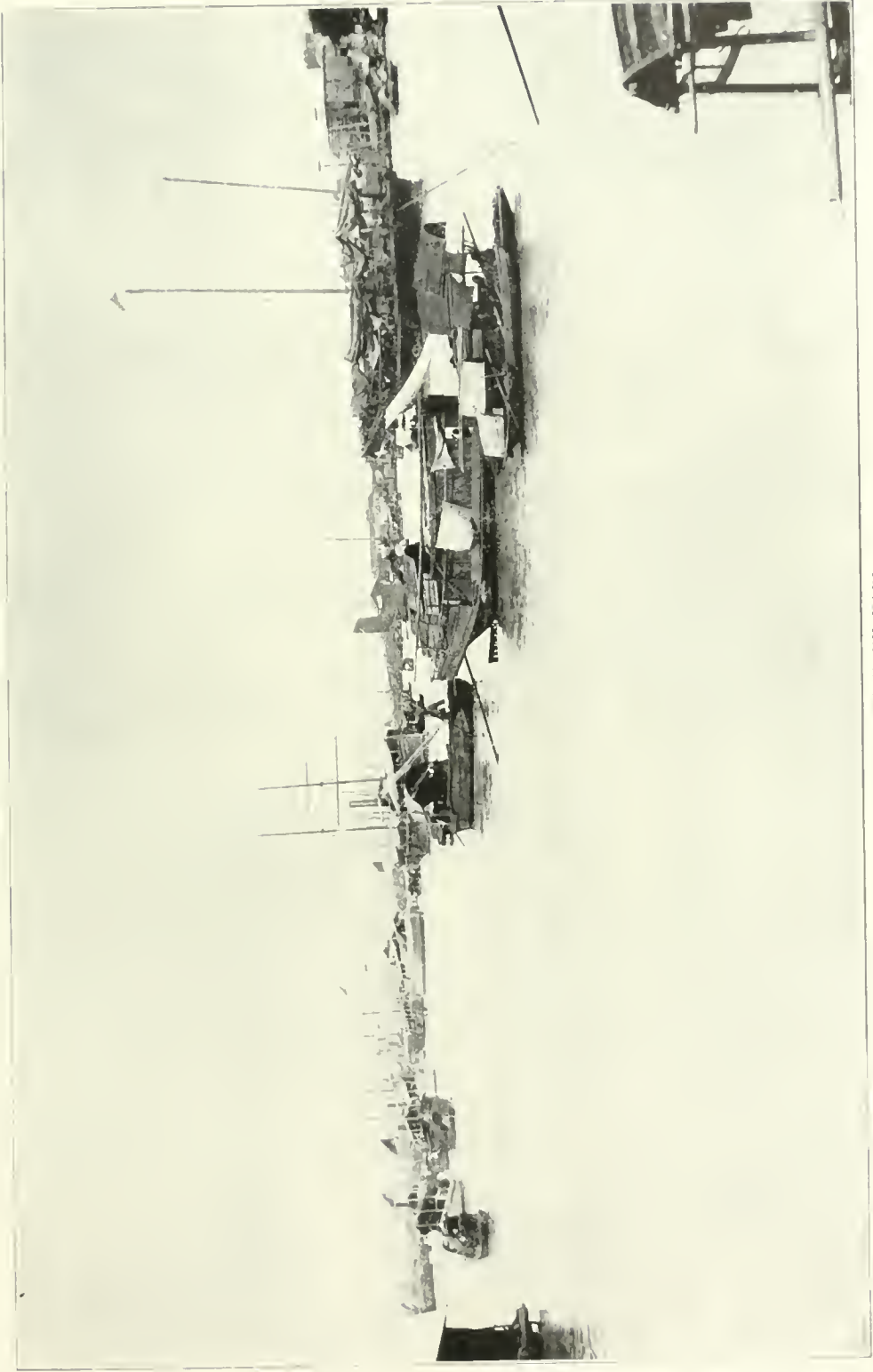
“At the entrance there stood an altar, crowned with votive offerings dedicated to the god of pleasure, whose image surmounted the shrine. To the right and left of this hung scrolls, on which high moral precepts were inscribed, sadly at variance with the real character of the place. Half a dozen of the most fascinating of the female singers were seated



CITY HALL AT HONG-KONG.

outside the gate; their robes were of richly embroidered silk, their faces were enamelled, and their hair bedecked with perfumed flowers and dressed, in some cases, to represent a teapot, in others, a bird with spread wings on the top of the head. On the ground floor all the available space was taken up with rows of narrow compartments, each one furnished with an opium couch, and all the appliances for using the drug. Here were girls in constant attendance, some ready to prepare and charge the bowl with opium, and others to strum upon the lute and sing sweet melodies to waft the sleeper off into dreamland, under the strangely fas-





A CHINESE NAVY YARD.



cinating influences which, ere long, will make him wholly their slave. On the first floor, reached by a flight of steps, there is a deserted music room showing traces of the revel of the preceding night in faded garlands which still festoon its carved and gilded ceiling. There were two more stories to the edifice, both of them partitioned off in the same way as the ground floor."

We engage a jinrikisha man to take us into "Happy Valley," where the race-course draws its crowds, and on the way we go past the barracks. We see the City Hall and its museum, where an hour is well spent: we pass cemeteries of the Catholics, Jews, Parsees, Anglicans, and Mohammedans, each with its traditions of local and general interest.

In its cosmopolitan population, firm British rule, magnificent European residences, squalid Chinese huts, broad avenues leading to the foreign section, narrow streets winding toward the native portion of the city, the churches of Christ and temples of Buddha, Hong-kong presents one of the strangest medleys of the human races, and is an outpost most fittingly situated to become the entrance to that long-lived empire founded by the Chinese, empowered by the Mongols, and lifted into modern prominence by the Manchu chieftains of the North.

The island of Hong-kong has another city besides that bearing its name, the English colony comprising the city of Victoria, which has a colonial governor and staff, and holds its own court and social tribunal. This is the naval station for the British Asiatic fleet, while the munitions of war are stored just across the channel on the Kowloon shore. This crown of the Eastern watchman, while fashioned by the mind and culture of the foreigner, is still the handiwork of the native, who has hewn from a rock-girt island a city that has no rival in the Far East. Its fine stone fronts, beautiful esplanades, and princely residences afford a striking contrast to the dwellings of the race that did the real work in their construction, showing most aptly the result of a marked combination of mind and muscle. The thrift of the Chinese is everywhere visible in the cheerful contentment with which he continues his unvaried non-progress. The British flag was raised over this island in 1843, and it has never been hauled down since.



STEAMER RUNNING FROM HONG-KONG TO CANTON.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE THREE RIVERS.

WE have now so far decided upon our route of travel that we resolve to go ahead without delay or hesitation. We will first pay a flying trip to the old Portuguese town of Macao, and then start for Canton by way of Pearl River. Regular lines of steamers ply between Hong-kong and the latter city, and beyond. It is a fine pleasure trip, along a broad river-way, the tourist seeing on the way the Bogue forts, before which the British ships were anchored in 1637, among the first vessels to discover old Cathay.

If nature was very kind to China in the matter of furnishing her with avenues of transportation, her people have been quite as chary in improving or adding to these. The empire has a coast-line greater than the combined distances of the shores of the two oceans washing the United States, while her extent of inland waterways are not equalled by any other country. These courses have been her sole dependence for carrying



on her commerce and trade. It is true she has built long lines of canals, but the better portion of these eventually fell into disuse and decay. She has never had any great highways, like the people of the Incas and some of the races of Europe. Instead of long trains of animals laden with the products of the land moving slowly to some distant market, solitary persons have crossed a trackless country upon journeys requiring months of hardship and poorly paid time. With all her vast territory and



ON THE SACRED ISLAND OF POOTOO.

examples of modern progress, she has only a little over five hundred miles of railroad, built within a few years. This presents a striking contrast to Japan, which in a little over a quarter of a century has constructed more than seven times that distance of road and runs the entire lines within its own control. Speaking of the utter lack of enterprise in the matter of opening up the rivers for the better passage of craft, reminds us of the boatman on the Yangtse, whose sail had become so dilapidated that it was only with difficulty and extreme slowness that he could get ahead. When asked why he did not get a new one, he replied: "As long

as the old one holds it will be a sail." "But think of the time you are losing. You would soon make up for the cost of a new sail in the time saved." "Time saved? How can you save what is always slipping away?" and he resumed his smoking and his serious contentment with unruffled calmness.

From among the several river routes into the interior we have selected two, that of the Yangtse Kiang and the Cantonese or West River course. We shall pass up the last named to its headwaters, and then, crossing the country to the Great River, follow that to the sea; from thence we will



DRUM TOWER, NANKIN.

go northward to Pekin and beyond, getting a bird's-eye view of Mongolia and the plains of Manchuria. First we shall cross the provinces of the two Kwangs, tung and si, which words mean respectively east and west. This is on the route to Tong

King, or Cochin China, and Burma. We shall enter the long debatable ground of Shan and Laos, and shall climb the highlands of Tibet, and descend into the valleys of the River of the Golden Sands, cross the track of the renowned Venetian explorers, the Polos, and finally seek the pathway trod centuries ago by the conquering armies of the restless races of the North. It will be a stupendous journey, taking perhaps three years to accomplish, certainly two, but we shall not weary the reader with the petty details of the arduous undertaking, how many times we have to change methods of conveyance, interpreters, and guides, and the almost constant vexations that hover over the traveller in a foreign land. Though our note-book is largely filled with personal an-

noyances so common to the lot of others in like circumstances, we shall select only those which have a direct bearing upon the result. In short, we shall endeavour to make our account readable, frequently drawing from the records of others, with proper credit, for descriptions of districts where we, because of some local restrictions or for other reasons, cannot penetrate at the time.

The town of Macao, founded by the Portuguese more than three cen-



A TYPICAL CANAL VIEW.

turies ago, stands across the bay from Hong-kong. The Chinese have attempted to cut off all intercourse between Macao and the mainland by building a high wall across the isthmus upon which the town is raised. China does not like to acknowledge that this foreign child has any business to be there. The Portuguese claim that the land was ceded to them during their early relations with the empire. Be that as it may, the parent country seems long ago to have forgotten her offspring, and the latter has several times fallen under Chinese government. Its checkered

history is far from being clear of dark spots, and an air of melancholy hard to throw off hangs over the place. The most interesting part to foreigners is the fashionable promenade, Praya Grande, which sweeps majestically toward the noted water-place. The sea-baths are of wide-spread repute. Macao is noted for its olden fortress, its gardens, and the grotto where it is said Camoëns wrote his poems, though what attraction he found here to awaken his muse is beyond our telling. It is the Monte Carlo of the Far East. Here the fortune-seekers of the Occident and the Orient meet to risk fortune, honour, and often life on a bit of ivory or the falling of a scrap of paper. More opium, it is claimed, is loaded here than from any other port in China. The inhabitants of Macao are considered to be Portuguese, but if that is so they must be degenerate descendants, or else the race at home has increased its stature since the ancient days when the bold navigators entered the bay and took possession in the name of their patron. On the whole, we are disappointed with Macao. It is true that it has its picturesque spots, its quaint old houses, and its reminiscences of Camoëns and Chimmery, but little is left save the memory of a departed greatness. Its streets are deserted at all times, its men are mere dolls, and like dolls dress alike; its women, although gaily dressed, are faded and sallow-faced; over all the scene hangs an air of listlessness, as if Time had forgotten to move here and Nature had gone to sleep long ago.

Our objective point, after visiting Macao, is Canton, to reach which we take passage on a steamer up the broad estuary known as Pearl River. On our way we pass through the Sheffield of Cathay, Fat-shan. Notwithstanding that the iron used has to be imported, the industry of the factories here has never been supplanted by outsiders. One reason for this is the cheapness of Chinese labour, as well as the fact that the wares made by them are better adapted to the methods of the peddlers handling them. This town lies on both banks of the creek, which is really its principal avenue, at all times covered with junks and boats plying back and forth, laden with passengers and cargo. Thus for a mile this winding channel becomes the Venice of the Far East, where noise and confusion reign continually. Among the odd array of craft that we meet, we notice a great number of flower-barges moving sluggishly along, while many others are moored at the banks. These are conspicuous



for their profuse paintings, elaborate decorations, and gaudy coverings. Everything about them bears token of Oriental beauty and character, while a peep inside, through one of the silk-curtained windows or doors, affords a glimpse of Eastern luxury and abandonment to pleasure. Gaily dressed youths and gaudily painted girls hold high revel here, while men with the frost-marks of years and women with no greater charm than paint are seen flitting to and fro among the merry throng, dancing, flirt-



JUNKS AND SLIPPER BOATS, CANTON.

ing, or whiling away the time in frivolous amusements. Still others are languidly drinking tea, smoking from silver pipes, or chatting idle gossip. Besides these are their close prototypes, the floating tea and music saloons, one and all gay with merriment and indifferent to the cares of life. Many pleasure boats en route to the upper country are to be seen along the way.

In the background we see fine brick structures, where the native merchants reside, while above them rise the temples of worship with façades of sculptured granite. In marked contrast to this display of

wealth and power is the large number of dwellings lifted on piles and covering the outlying districts where the common people live. The city has an estimated population of two hundred thousand people, and it extends for over a mile along both banks of the river.

At one point we are reminded of the famous fight made there by the doughty Briton, Commodore Keppel, in 1857. He started in to capture the city, and, after repulsing the Chinese in a fight lower down the river, pursued them into the very midst of their town, though his force consisted of only seven small boats. Taking advantage of the narrowness of the creek at this place, the Chinese formed a line with their war-craft like a dam across the stream, and waited the next move of their enemy, confident of annihilating them should they dare to attack them. The assault followed swiftly and with terrific effect. A perfect hail storm of shot was sent into the midst of the foreigners. The commodore's boat, foremost in the action, was literally riddled into bits, his coxswain killed, and all of his crew wounded. The gallant commodore then ordered a retreat for reinforcements, though not till he had captured five of the largest Chinese junks. The courage and effective work of the British was a wonderful revelation to the Chinese, who were for the first time brought into actual battle with the "foreign fire-eating devils."

In a country abounding with fields of ripening barley, rice-patches, and orchards, at the junction of three waters called "San Shui," we find ourselves forty miles from Canton. Upon listening to the high-coloured accounts of the country to the north, we resolve to add a little outside trip to our itinerary by going up the Pei Kiang or North River, before seeking China's famous city. Thus we soon find ourselves passing through the finest district we have yet found, the scenery of which has been compared with that of Scotland.

Farther up the river we come to the pass of Tsing-yune, noted for three things: its natural wonders, its monastery, and its burial-ground. In the last, thousands of graves dot the hillsides fronting the stream, each mound marked by a faced stone cut in the shape of a horseshoe, or given the appearance of rest by the rounded back of a chair. The pass itself has no particular claim to description, being simply an ordinary narrowing of the valley between the two ranges of mountains. The noisy city by the same



MODES OF CONVEYANCE, HONG-KONG.





name is a typical Chinese town, where the noise of gongs and crackers and the odours of joss-sticks predominate. The Buddhist monastery of Fi-lai-sz, however, deserves special mention, as being one of the most famous and picturesque institutions of its class in Southern China. A hill-side set in deep woods forms the background for this quiet retreat, which is reached by broad stone steps leading up from the river bank to the



ENTRANCE TO SMALL TEMPLE, CANTON.

gate about midway on the slope. The stranger is welcomed here by the inscription in characters of gold, "Hioh Shan Miao."

Entering the sacred place with feelings akin to awe, the visitor soon finds himself inside the shrine, before which are grouped three graven images, one of which is supposed to be a likeness of the founder of the sacred edifice, and the others the effigies of its most illustrious patrons. The floor of the cloister is laid in paving-stones. The walls, that would be otherwise dreary in appearance, are illuminated with decorations in

bright colours, while large vases, ornamented with striking figures and filled with fragrant flowers, stand on the tables. Sought for its quiet and delicious repose, this place has become a favourite resting-place for travellers up and down the river. The monks here, with a weakness for things earthly rather than divine, lose no opportunity of appealing to these transient comers to buy of them carvings from the woods of the mountains, or crooked and quaint walking-sticks made from trees growing in the sacred grove, or of dealing out to the visitors with no apparent compunction portions of opium. Across the river, in a thickly wooded dell, the pious recluses retire, whenever they desire to atone for any errors of the flesh by secluding themselves from the world for awhile, that the spirit of Nirvana may return to them. That they do not leave behind all of the vanities of the world when they repair hither is proved by the scent of that pernicious instrument of deadly poison, the opium pipe.

The scenery along this river is varied and often wild and lonely, reminding us of vistas in the Bavarian foothills. Now we move at the base of hills rising with gradual ascents on either hand, their slopes smooth and covered with a rich growth of bamboo and other trees; anon these gentle hillsides are banded at the foot by wide belts of sand, as bare and glittering as if a slice had been cut from the great Sahara or the Obi of the North. These desert bands, reaching to the steep banks of the river, finally become a mile in width, and the sun flings its warm beams directly down upon us. Then we begin to realise that the valley is growing narrower; the hills are drawing nearer; the barren belts become mere ropes of sand; the country grows wilder and more rugged in appearance; quite abruptly we find ourselves battling our way between bold walls of frowning rocks, with angles, buttresses, and corners thrust forbiddingly into our very pathway. Our progress seems suddenly blocked. A curve in the stream only adds to the obstacles in our course. The boatmen seem oblivious of this granite barrier stopping our passage, as they bend almost superhuman efforts to keep the craft from being sent backward from whence we have come, or from being hurled upon the rocks thrust above the foaming waters in their midst.

We come back this way, and we shall never forget the descent of the passage. It is late in the afternoon when we abruptly enter between the two jagged walls of rock that lift their ragged breasts high into the air.

The sun has sunk so low in the western sky that little light penetrates here, and the gloom adds so greatly to the uncertainty of our wild surroundings that we tremble for our safety. The boatmen — and few boatmen of the world can outdo these sons of the rivers of China — bend all of their energies toward keeping the light craft from being shattered on the gray heads stuck above the white crest of the rapids. Fortunately the worst is speedily passed, the skilful crew guide the boat into safer waters,



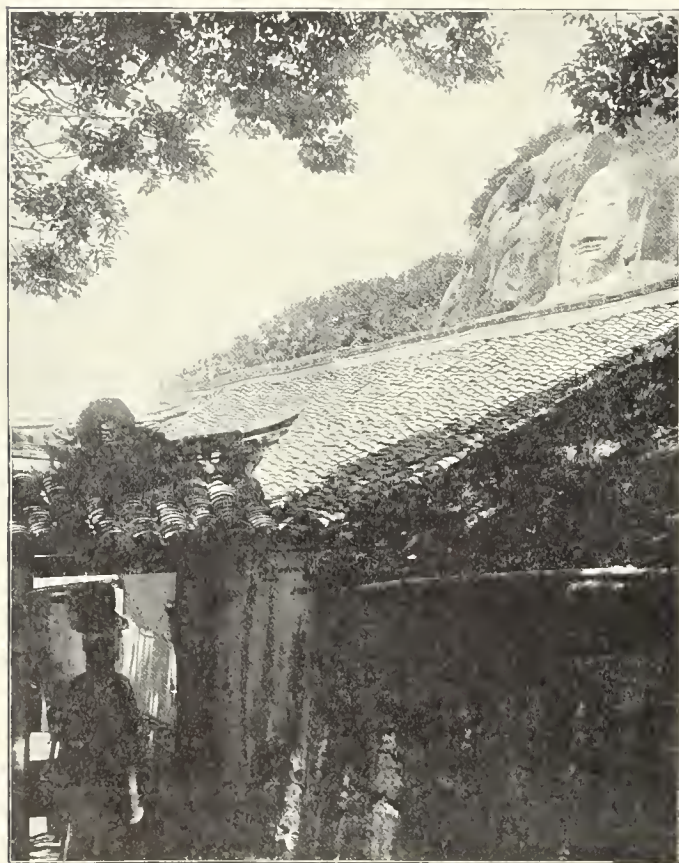
HONAM, OR "SOUTH OF THE RIVER," CANTON.

and five minutes later we are gliding gently along a smooth course with the pure sunlight of an Oriental sky shedding its rare effulgence across our pathway. We have made Mang-Tsz-Hap, or "Blind Man's Pass," in safety. This rugged rent in the river-way is the most remarkable in the whole course of our journey upon it.

Above this famous pass the hills beat a hasty retreat, as if ashamed for having crowded down in this unceremonious manner. But here and there some isolated limestone pillars, that seemed to have been belated in getting



away, remain, held firm and fast in their solitary footing like Lot's wife. Many of these present fantastic figures, in which it is easy to picture a resemblance to a human form. One of these is known as the "Woman that Weeps," and is in reality a good figure of a woman standing with bowed form, with great tear-drops caught upon her cheeks. If the expression on her countenance is any key to her heart, she indeed weeps over



GROTESQUE ROCK CARVINGS.

some great sorrow beyond the ken of human understanding. Another sight is a happier one, being the group of a family, — father, mother, son and daughter, while a babe rests in the mother's arms. Nothing is lacking but the divine spark of life to make this picture perfect.

From the mountains one looks down upon miles of cultivated plains, which bear some resemblance to the meadows of Japan seen on the road

from Tokyo to Nikko. Here, as there, the country is cut up into small fields, and embankments are raised around them for the purpose of irrigation in the growing season. Beyond the lowlands rise scattered hills, with rounded crests, on nearly all of which stand, under groves of evergreen trees, temples dedicated to religious personages, while still farther away, looking in the distance like emerald seas, forests of green bamboo lift their feathery plumage to the horizon.



The bamboo is common all over China, and, as in the Philippines, is a tree of great value as well as beauty. Raised with no care or tillage, it is a source of income, so that in this region frequently a husbandman's financial standing is estimated by his clumps of bamboo. This, it is claimed, with rice, will supply all the demands of a Chinaman. In the first place, the humble dweller seeks to protect himself from the hot suns of summer and the cold winds of winter by encircling his home with a hedge of this growth, the pale green foliage making a rich setting for his abode. The house itself can be and often is built entirely of its branches and stocks, and thatched with its foliage. The owner proceeds to make his household utensils, his chairs, conches, tables, water-cans, drinking jugs, measures, fans, flutes, and even the looms upon which he weaves the silken fabrics for which he is noted. His water-proof coat and hat are both made of its leaves, overlapping like the scales of a fish. His wine-cups, water-ladles, pipe, and chop-sticks come from the same source. So do his pens and paper. His cradle was a bamboo basket, and as he started out in life surrounded by his favourite wood, so his hope, when he has ended his earthly career, will be to rest under the bamboo brakes on some sunny hillside. The bamboo has a religious signification, and is treasured by the pious followers of Buddha. The avenues leading to the temples are often shaded by the luxuriant foliage of rows of bamboo, while, inside, the courts are fanned and made cool and fragrant by its waving plumes. On strips of bamboo the ancient authors cut the Buddhist classics, and the stems of this wood served to make the divination sticks and the covering for them.

After the harvest season, the farmers in this vicinity, if the crops have been good, are wont to gather in bodies to offer praises to the god of agriculture for his beneficence. The grain, already stacked in the farm-yards, is threshed out by flails or beaten out by the steady tread of the oxen let in upon it. The Chinese have always been patient, industrious farmers, knowing well that one's land, to yield crop after crop, must be fed as well as his ox or ass, and they have tilled it with this understanding so well that they are able to get two crops each year, and in some sections more, from the same plot. These are known as the green crop and the grain crop.

In Japan we saw many graven images of the goddess of mercy, the good Kwannon, and to-day we see China's noted goddess of nature and

merciful love amid surroundings and storied fame in keeping with her wonderful presence. Her temple here, instead of having been raised by mortal hands, is one designed and perfected by a power nobler than man's. It is a natural grotto at the foot of a limestone cliff, which rears its bold front high into the air, while the grand old North River, not yet grown to the dignity of its lower course, winds its way along the base of the cliff with merry songs. The entrance to this sacred retreat is near the water's



SOUTHERN SIDE OF ISLAND OF POOTOO.

edge, and is made by the ascent of a flight of granite steps. Within the strange temple, sculptured by no mortal hand, the goddess sits upon her throne, a huge lotus flower. What if the geologist says the image and flowers, the goddess and her throne, are the mighty fossils of rock and lotus! we have Buddha's word against man's, that the figure upon which you gaze was once a living, human being.

The history of this goddess is romantically told in legends of Buddha, and not always alike. She was the child of a peasant woman, and was born many ages ago, but not visible to the mortal eye until seen by the

Emperor Miao-Chwang, who adopted her as his daughter. She grew up to be very beautiful, and as soon as she had reached an age when the emperor deemed it time for her to wed, she declined the husband selected for her. In vain Miao-Chwang besought and commanded. Determined to have his way, the emperor condemned her to menial labour until she should relent. Finding this had no effect, he ordered her to be put to death, a threat which was carried out without causing her to yield. With the ending of her brief earthly career she entered upon a higher sphere in the spirit world. For the good of man she went into Hades, where she displayed such rare qualities of goodness and devotion to duty, that the wicked fled from her, the grim executioner threw aside his blood-stained weapons of life destruction, and the sin-cursed washed of their stains, the abode of evil became the abiding-place of the peaceful and happy. Her work accomplished here, the goddess returned to earth, to take up her abode in the grotto of North River, and from her lotus throne she looks down upon her worshippers with a gracious smile and loving care.

A little band of priests dwells constantly in an upper apartment of the cave, which it must be said has been given some finishing touches by the hand of man. For a small sum these aged ministers show us over the place that has little else to attract. Upon shelves and in crevices in the wall several small idols, each with a taper kept constantly burning before it, keep company with Kwannon in her long and lonely vigil. The priests are aged and bent with the burden of years, looking far from healthy; the goddess is sadly in need of physical repairs, and the fairest, prettiest picture of the secluded place is the flock of milk-white doves that have their homes in the niches of the rock-wall. Frightened at our appearance, they flutter about our heads, until, growing bolder, one after another lights upon our extended hands and shoulders.



FAT-EE, OPPOSITE SHAMEEN, CANTON.

## CHAPTER VI.

### MODERN CANTON.

THE grotto of the goddess of mercy is about 150 miles north of San Shui, the "Three Waters," which in turn is forty miles from Canton, the London of China, with its estimated population of three millions, and its din and confusion, which is beyond estimation. This city lies about ninety miles, a little west of north, from Hong-kong. Between the two cities steamers built upon the American plan ply regularly, making the passage "between suns."

Many have tried, but none have fully succeeded in describing the clamour and uproar arising from the multitude of boats battling fiercely for first place at the steamer's side, the shrill-voiced demands of the innumerable boat-women screaming over some fancied wrong, the howls of the coolies, and the distant rumbling of the great city's traffic and tumult which comes down to the river shore like the mutterings of peal upon peal of thunder, crash following crash with a rapidity which makes





A PUBLIC GARDEN, HONG-KONG.



them blend as one. As many as eighty-five thousand boats have been registered by the city government, a large percentage of them being managed by women and children. These become very adept in the calling, and boat life here, as elsewhere in China, is an important feature. We see here in a larger way what we witnessed at Hong-kong, the phase of life upon the water. Here thousands upon thousands of people are born.



SLIPPER BOATS, CANTON.

marry, live, and die, without mingling with the population of the earth. The boats, which constitute their homes, are to be seen along the river banks for miles, and in the great system of creeks indenting the vast city. This life has the advantage of being safe from fire and free from rent, and the occupant who does not like his neighbour has only to weigh anchor and float to some more desirable quarter.

This city, which for a long time was the only port in the vast empire of China known to foreigners, is at the head of the Kwangtung province,



and it has a most checkered history, beginning in obscurity and ending in confusion. The first intelligent mention of the province is found in the writings of the historians of the Chow dynasty, B. C. 1122. But it had no communication with the outside world until after the introduction of Buddhism, when some religious devotees opened intercourse with India in the early part of the fifth century. The two empires soon afterward entered into a commercial relation which existed for centuries, though about two hundred years ago it became confined to Canton alone. Recently this field has been broadened.

The stranger who wishes to see the great city pays the bearers of a sedan-chair to take him wherever he wishes, or, if he be wise, he will let them choose his route, when he will be borne perhaps in a procession with many others sightseeing like himself. One after another of the most noted features of the town is reviewed. Now it is the water clock in the temple on the walls, by which the official time is marked; and now it is the Temple of Five Hundred Genii, with its wonder tales and curious graven images expressive of the many attributes of life, good and evil. Here is to be seen a reputed statue of the celebrated Venetian traveller, Marco Polo, a grotesque sort of hero grinning from beneath a huge sailor hat of tarpaulin. This place, known to the Chinese under the poetical title of Flowery Forest Monastery, is constantly guarded, and he who enters must obtain special permission to do so. The Temple of Horrors, a living picture of the Buddhist Hades, whose courtyards beggars and fortune-tellers seem to choose as their most fitting retreat, claims but passing attention. Here are portrayed the various punishments accorded to the wicked, the flaying alive, the hewing into bits, the burning in oil, the beheading, the sawing in twain, and dozens of other forms of inhuman treatment, which it is as well not to mention. In close proximity to this spot of hideous worship, we come upon a strange medley of shops and warerooms of goods known and unknown, — more of the last named, — entire streets of jewelry dealers and silk merchants, dens of thieves and caves of gold-beaters, shoe shops, cabinet shops, meat and cook shops, where unheard-of scents fill the air, and cooking attracts, but does not tempt, the sightseer. Chinese theatres are often seen, while dealers in wardrobes and make-ups for the profession are numerous in a section that seems to be set apart for them. Dealers in



cast-off clothing are common, while curio and pawn shops are still more plentiful. On the bank of a tributary stream stands a temple erected to the memory of the noted Governor Yeh, who was carried prisoner to Calcutta by the British during their trouble with China in 1857.

In the vicinity of the Temple of Five Hundred Genii is to be seen the ruin of a former grand marble structure known as the Flowery Pagoda. In this section, too, is the magistrate's court, the spot in all Canton



PRESERVING GINGER IN SYRUP, CANTON.

most dreaded by its population. Few indeed are those who can endure the tortures and punishments which lie next door to that still more horrible place, the execution ground, known by the rows of potters' jars waiting to receive the head of some hapless victim, as well as by the miserable creatures grovelling in filth and rags, while awaiting the finishing act in this terrible farce of justice. Despite the shudder of horror at the sight of the half-starved wretches begging, it may be with their last breath, for the stranger to give them money with which to buy

rice, freedom, or the means to gamble with their jailers, the feeling of relief at the small number there affords a ray of satisfaction. In a city of three million souls the number of criminals, as shown here, is remarkably small. Across the city we see what is of far more interest and pleasure to us, the old English yamen, which was the abode of the first foreign legation in 1842.

We find the shopkeepers located by themselves, and on most excel-



VIEW ON THE FOREIGN BUND, CANTON.

lent terms with their neighbours and customers. The proprietor, who may be a gentleman of means and refinement, speaks English, is attired in a jacket of Shantang silk, breeches of dark crape, white leggings, and shoes of embroidered velvet, meets his customer at the door, and parts with him when his call is over with the same urbanity whether he makes a big purchase or goes away empty-handed. He is assisted by men displaying equal care and taste, whose places are behind ebony counters surmounted by glass cases filled, it may be, with rare curiosities, artis-

tically arranged to catch the eye. Everything in the shop is labelled, and the price marked plainly upon it, whether it be a roll of silk or a square of grass matting. If the shop occupies two stories, as many of them do, the second floor is given up to a display of rich bronzes, porcelain, ebony furniture, and lacquered ware. The business in the markets of the Chinese sections is generally completed by seven in the morning.

The streets of Canton are narrow. The law says they shall not be less



BRIDGE TO THE NATIVE CITY, CANTON.

than seven feet, but the law and the narrow lanes overhanging with matted awnings often come into intimate association. Along these crooked passageways, black, gold, or vermilion sign-boards hang in close proximity, many of them giving a picturesque aspect to the crowded scene by their inscription in Roman characters along with others in Chinese. These are in constant danger of contact with the surging mob continually passing here. Two chairs cannot pass each other without careful manipulation on the part of the bearers, and in turning the frequent corners the long poles

have to be thrust into the front of some shop. In case the approaching chair is that of a mandarin, you are dumped hastily into the most convenient shop, lucky if you escape without a serious bump or tight squeeze. Canton affords the best example of Chinese life to be found in the empire, the foreigners living apart in a settlement of their own. Says Miss Scidmore: "This seeing the sights of Canton is a most bewildering, dazing, fatiguing day. When it is over and the boat slips down the river, past the French cathedral and the busy Whampoa anchorage, out between the quiet and level fields, one can hardly remember all the scenes. But he dreams of this city of Oriental riches and barbaric splendour, the city of the greatest wealth and the direst poverty, and he sees again the narrow, seething thoroughfares, the blaze of gold and vermilion, the glitter and glow of showy exteriors, where, if the Queen of Sheba did not live, she certainly went a-shopping."

In the display of their goods and the filling of their shops with a bewildering array, the Chinese show a characteristic the opposite of the Japanese, who seem loath to show their goods and ashamed to acknowledge their business. It will be remembered that the trading class until recently has failed to receive social recognition in Japan. But in China it is different. The shopkeepers are among the best of her citizens, and as a rule they are pleasant and prosperous.

In an exceedingly narrow street, filled with miserable hovels, whose roofs fairly touch over our heads, we find ourselves in one of the manufacturing centres of this Manchester of China. Here everything is produced, from the simplest novelty to the finest embroidered satin robe. From this section of Canton, and others like it, come those beautifully embroidered and woven articles that we see in our market at home, all done by hand, and often calling for many days of patient and skilful work. Yet they are sold here at prices defying the competition of machinery. It is the choice of the labourers that machinery has not been introduced into China, and not long since a riot was barely averted when an enterprising manufacturer undertook to place foreign machines in his shop. Though working through long days at a mere pittance, these operatives show remarkable skill and cheerfulness. Mr. Thomson, who paid several visits to one of these places, says: "I like to linger here and to meditate on these scenes of ceaseless industry, where all goes on with a quiet harmony



that has a strange fascination for the observer. Amid all the evidences of toil, the poorest has some leisure at his command; then, seated on a bench, or squatting tranquilly on the ground, he will smoke or chat with a neighbour, untroubled by the presence of his employer, who seems to grow fatter and wealthier on the smiles and happy temperament of his workmen. Here, too, one can see how the nucleus of this great city is more



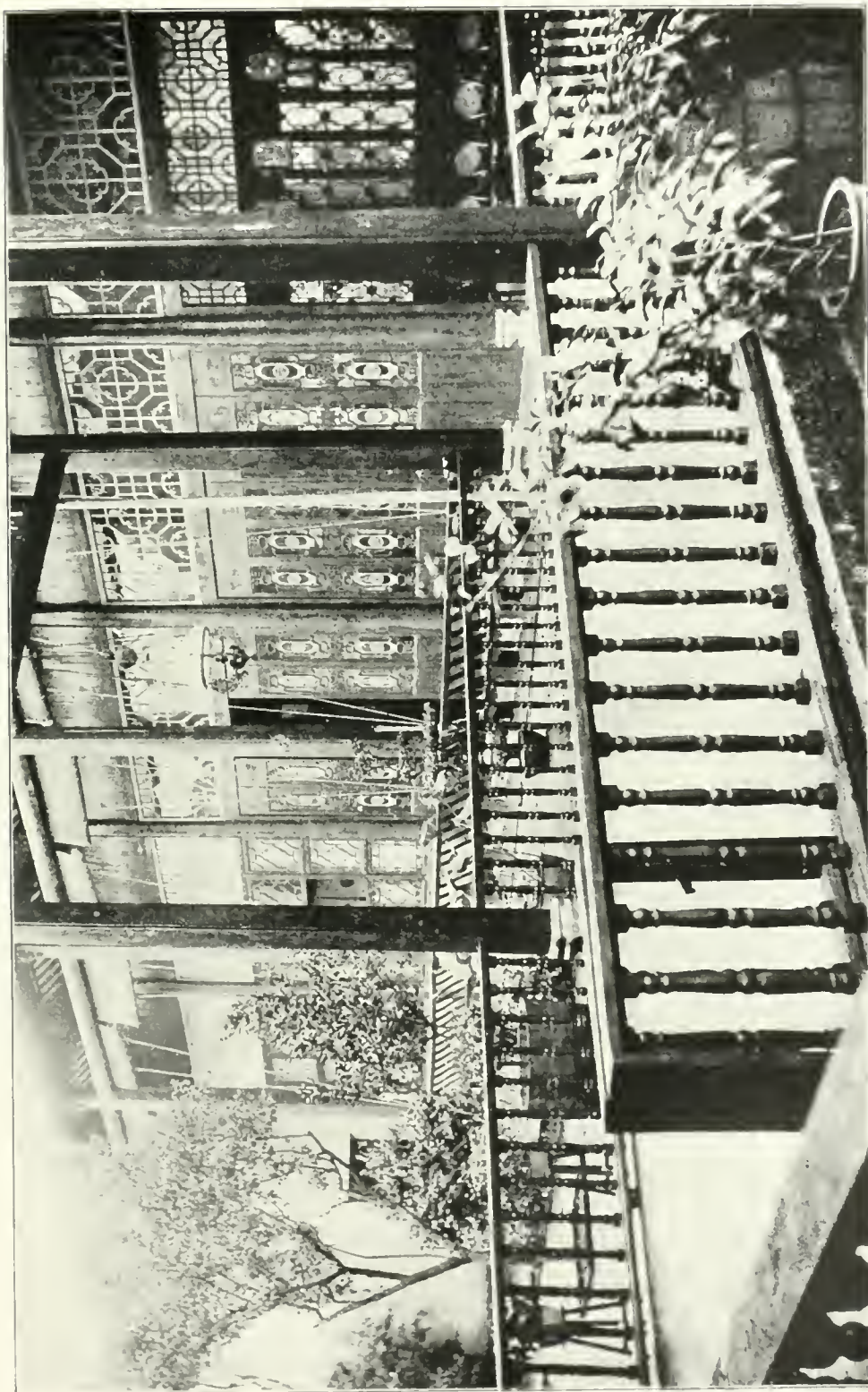
AN ANCIENT TEMPLE, CANTON.

closely populated than at first sight one would suppose. Most of the workshops are kitchen, dining-room, and bedroom, too; here the work-people breakfast on their benches; here at nightfall they stretch themselves out to sleep. Their whole worldly wealth is stored here, too. An extra jacket, a pipe, a few ornaments which are used in common, and a pair of chop-sticks,—these make up each man's total worldly pelf; and, indeed, his greatest treasure he carries with him,—a stock of health and a contented mind. The Chinese operative is completely content if he

escapes the pangs of hunger, endowed with health sufficient simply to enjoy the sense of living, and of living, too, in a land so perfect that a human being ought to be happy in the privilege of living there at all. It is a land, so they seem to suppose, wherein everything is settled and ordered by men who know exactly what they ought to know, and who are paid to keep people from rising or ambitiously seeking to quit the groove in which Providence placed them at their birth." By this it must not be understood that all Chinese are devoid of ambition, or desire to live in ignorance and hopeless toil all their lives. There are parents who seek to educate their children, and who look forward to the time when they may dignify their families by becoming a member of the Imperial Cabinet, and who themselves thirst after the power and glory that comes from great wealth and political prestige. Singularly enough, next to the humble, ignorant toiler, the educated men are those who help keep in servile bondage as bad as any slavery the great working mass.

The stranger cannot fail to note the marked difference in the appearance of different parts of the city. One radically different from those described is that quarter populated by the descendants of the Tartar captors of the city during the fifteenth century. The indifference toward the pursuits of peaceful life is evident in the decay and shabbiness of the low-walled dwellings, which show a painful monotony in their construction. With the fading of the glory of arms has vanished the prosperity of its inheritors. Their more enterprising neighbours, whose ancestors had been the victims of the prowess of their forefathers, have bought, reclaimed and rejuvenated some of the houses falling into ruins; while here and there the many-storied pagoda and lofty temple, with its gilded roof showing conspicuously above the tops of the ancient trees, or the imposing edifices built of gray bricks, which upon closer inspection prove to be not shrines of divine worship but of the worship of Mammon, the Chinese pawn-shop and money lender's establishment, relieve the dreariness of the picture. But the proud Tartar, too ambitious to descend to the menial calling of a trader, remains a sad relic of former grandeur.

At an elevated place called "The Heights," where a fine view of the city to the south is obtained, the visitor comes upon one of the prettiest deer parks to be found in China. In close proximity rise the dark,



REAR OF A PRIVATE HOUSE, HONG-KONG.







irregular walls of an old pagoda said to have been built under the reign of Emperor Wu-Ti, in the first part of the sixth century. It has the famous nine stories, and is about 175 feet in height. The tin-chai relates a thrilling story of a party of British sailors, who, getting tired of the tameness of life on shore, sought to make it more lively by ascending the odd-looking, octagonal column, which they did hand over



VIEW FROM FOREIGN QUARTER, CANTON.

hand, as they would have climbed a ship's mast. The strange spectacle quickly called about the spot a crowd of Chinese whose curiosity soon gave way to anger as they looked upon this desecration of their sacred edifice by these *fau kuei*, or "foreign devils." Before the daring sailors were aware of their danger the whole space at the foot of the pagoda was filled by a howling, maddened mob, which threatened to tear them limb from limb the moment they should descend. While they were trying to devise some way of escape their comrades on shipboard came to their rescue.

putting the crowd to flight, though not until they had brought their firearms to bear upon the Chinese.

It is in Canton that one sees the celebrated gardens of Fatee, where landscape gardening on a small scale is so well represented. In this nursery for shrubs, flowers and trees of rare species are cultivated. A place which affords a more pleasing contrast to the manufactories of the



BOAT LANDING, CANTON.

alleys and the crowded shops of trade, the dilapidated homes of the degenerate Tartars and the humble dwellings of the toiling masses, is the public garden, where we come nearer to China as she has been pictured to us. This typical spot is enclosed by a deep-set wall, and we enter through a high gate under the shadows of a three-storied pagoda. We quickly find ourselves in a cool, shady, secluded retreat, the brightness of which is somewhat dimmed by the resemblance which it bears to an American graveyard. On our right we see the mournful drooping willow so often stand-

ing at the entrance to some burial-plot in our native land, while an air of solemnity and sacredness seems to hang over the scene. But we soon overcome the feeling of sadness, and, advancing along a twisting path, find ourselves upon the margin of a lotus pool, where bright-hued barges float dreamily to the farther side. On our left the path winds over a willow bridge spanning an Elysian sheet of water, in which a couple of birds with



EARTHEN WATER-JARS, CANTON.

beautiful plumage and high, graceful necks, are swimming lazily to and fro. Everything about the rare retreat bears a sluggish, dreamy air, possessing the peculiar and not altogether unpleasant power to make one forget the world, and even himself. Moving slowly along, — it would be out of harmony to move rapidly, — one soon becomes used to stumbling upon cunningly contrived bowers, or along archways overhung with mossy festoons, or along the margin of a sparkling lakelet, made bright by a myriad of darting goldfish, and where a grave frog sits complacently on a lotus leaf,



blinking dumbly in the sunshine, as he gazes with bleared eyes upon the intruder. We are in fairyland, the same which we saw pictured so often in our boyhood on the chinaware our mother prized so highly. It was all there ; it is all here. The idea is encouraged by the soft notes of a flute borne to our ears from the distance. Then the spell is rudely broken by the shrill notes of a voice more lusty than musical, and we move on to come out upon an open-air saloon, where a party of natives is partaking of a light repast of cake and tea, while they chat over the latest gossip.

Aside from these pretty retreats and other attractions, which are rather curiosities than added beauties, there are many features about Canton disagreeable to the traveller. None of these narrow, crooked streets, overtopped by roofs, encroached upon by business, has a system either of proper drainage or of modern lighting ; while the water-supply obtained from the river, and of a quality unfit for a Western palate, is brought into the city by the primitive method of the generations who existed before written history. Everywhere one sees dirt and disgusting filth, until he wonders not at the origin of disease here, but at the fact that the people live and flourish as they do. It will be remembered that the bubonic plague of 1894 started here, and gained such a headway that the only way to estimate the number of the dead was by the records kept of the coffins taken through the gates of the city to the burial-grounds outside. Throughout this terrible epidemic, when it would seem that the survivors must awaken to some sense of the necessity for resistance or for proper safeguard, no attempt of a sanitary nature was made to check the pestilence, while the demon of disease continued to strike its deadly blows, desolating the homes of the city and peopling the graveyard out on the plains at the rate of hundreds a day.

The foreign population of Canton is collected on the island of Shameen, which is reached by a bridge that has a closed gate and guards. Until recently there was no hotel to accommodate foreigners, and newcomers must content themselves with remaining on shipboard. But this is not so now, and the stranger finds himself met in a spirit of friendliness, while surrounded by a scene of Arcadian beauty.

Official residences of foreigners are denominated yamens, and are surrounded by walls, with a huge gateway at the entrance, and a series of rambling buildings in the background. The avenue leading to this enclosed



residence may be bordered by noble old trees, and the dwelling raised above a terrace paved with flags. A common and pretty adjunct to the yamen is a deer park at the rear of the buildings, set with thick woods where the sportive creatures can find easy ambush whenever a stranger appears on the grounds. At every yamen in China stands a small gong called the "Cymbal of the Oppressed," which is to be sounded by a victim



POTTERY YARD, CANTON.

oppressed by any wrong. This custom has, however, fallen into disuse of late years.

Until lately it has been the opinion of Europeans and Americans that the cities of China were densely populated, and accordingly the statisticians have credited those places with numbers of people far in excess of the actual facts. Canton is not as densely populated as many parts of London, or even as our own New York. In the central portion is a district which at first gives the foreigner the impression that he is in one of the great beehives of humanity, but almost before he knows it he has passed

outside of this territory, and finds scattered about him extensive parks, ponds, parade-grounds for military bodies, and even rice-fields. Beyond these are the clustered suburbs relieved by the open spaces and gardens belonging to the residences of the officials, avenues shaded by aged trees, and orchards teeming with fruit in its season. Upon the whole, in spite of the broad area of tiled roofs, and the plains thickly lined with their miniature houses of the dead, the panorama of the city, as seen from the old city walls, whose neglected armaments and grass-grown sides no longer afford a barrier against enemies or a boundary for its people, conveys but slight indication of the density of population we had expected. The city proper contains an area a little in excess of six miles, and, taken in conjunction with the outlying sections which extend far to the right and left out over the plains, contains probably two million inhabitants, possibly not as many ; it is credited, however, with a population greatly exceeding that.

## CHAPTER VII.

### ALONG WEST RIVER.

FROM the sights and scenes of Canton we turn westward to begin our inland journey toward the vast Tibetan plateau and the mountains of Kokonor. We are told that the Si Kiang, or West River, has just been opened (1898) as far as Wuchau, near the junction of Fuho, or Kwei River, so that steamers from Hong-kong make three trips a week, carrying passengers and produce. If we should take passage on a steamer as far as that important place of inland commerce, we should then be obliged to change to one of the river boats that go as far as the stream is navigable for these craft built especially for the purpose. We learn that one of these is about to start for Po-se, at the headwaters of the southern branch of West River, and we resolve to start as we shall have to end, where we begin our trip across the interior on foot or by horse.

This part of China has three routes of trade, but this is the natural waterway, though, until recently, no effort has been made to develop it as it deserves. For that reason much of the trade and business has gone to the routes of the French on the Gulf of Tongking, northward to Lungchau, or by Red River to Laokai and Mengtse farther west. But as soon as the spirit of improvement and the introduction of modern ways of travel get started in China, a remarkable transformation will take place. We see this illustrated in a small way by the rapid displacement of the sedan-chair by the jinrikisha of Japan, though this is but a straw in the current of events that is shaping the future of the Middle Kingdom.

Our course will take us through that ancient wonderland known as Chrysê, which Col. Henry Yule, who has been considered an authority on the subject, says "is a literal version of the Sanskrit *Suvarnabhumi*, or 'Golden Land,' applied in ancient India to Indo-Chinese regions. Of course, where there is no accurate knowledge, the application of terms

must be vague. It would be difficult to define where Ptolemy's Chrysê (*Chrysê sho aut Chrysê Chersonnesus*) terminated eastward, though he appears to give the names a special application to what we call Burma and Pegu. But Ptolemy, from the nature of his work, which consisted in drawing such maps as he could, and then tabulating the positions from those maps, as if he possessed most accurate data for all, neces-



BOULEVARD IN THE SHAMEEN, CANTON.

sarily defined things with an assurance far beyond anything which his real materials justified. If we look to the author of the 'Periplus,' who has no call to affect impossible precision, we find that Chrysê is 'the last continental region toward the east.' North of it indeed, and farther off, is Thina, that is, China. Chrysê, then, in the vague apprehension of the ancients,—the only appropriate apprehension, where knowledge was so indefinite,—was the region coasted between India and China. It is most correctly rendered by 'Indo-China.'" Accepting



this as the actual situation, we shall now leave the region to our south, though our route will enter a portion of the country by common consent so designated.

Again we find ourselves back at Fatee Creek, winding our way past the throng of boats, "ferries," vessels, large and small, hwa-tings or flower-boats, floating palaces, and many a craft that we cannot name, which fill Fatsang's river-street. Among the great number we notice a boat decked in beautiful shape to represent a bower of flowers, which



CANTONESE MUSICIANS.

is under the charge of a bevy of Chinese beauties, who appear under the friendly rays of lanterns and the spell of music in a profusion of paint and adornments that is quite remarkable, if not productive of personal charm. These youthful houris, some of whom are really beautiful, but all of whom are illiterate, have the credit of being sweet poetesses, an illusion which neither time nor truth has been able to remove from the impressions given by accounts of the misty past. This floating palace of flowers, where the floral offerings of the Flowery Kingdom are so well pictured, bears the fanciful, but not inappropriate,

name of "Snow-drop." Farther on we see another, poetically styled the "White Pearl," and then two, which are bound together by bands of lilies and bright flowering vines, and which share in the romantic term, "Blush of Lips."

Then we leave Fatsang, with its bustle and earthenware, its boats and flower-barges, its poets who do not sing, and its beauties that do not charm, and swing from the meeting-place of the three rivers into the broad channel of the one coming from the sunset land. It is pleasant to be freed from the noise and confusion, excitement and crowded traffic of the beehives of humanity, and find ourselves where the deities of the river rule over a landscape touched with transcendental beauty. The sluggish stream sweeps majestically along banks overhung with a rank vegetation and far-reaching open country, dotted here and there with groves of palms, bamboo, and banyans, amid which, we are told, wander the creatures of the woods unmolested by the people, who hold a high veneration for those who cannot speak for themselves. Anon the river banks are overhung by the strange-looking dwellings, the stone walls of which rise from the water's edge, and overhead the towering temples dedicated to the god of nature; then we pass under the sheltering arms of ancient forests whose dense perfumes fill all the air. Most aptly could the words of Sir Walter Scott, in the "Heart of Mid-Lothian," when he speaks of the Thames, be applied to this far-away scene: "Here turreted with villas and there garlanded with forests, moved on slowly and placidly, like the mighty monarch of the scene, to whom all of its other beauties were but accessories, and bore on his bosom a hundred barks and skiffs, whose white sails and gaily fluttering pennons gave life to the whole."

The "hundred barks and skiffs" that ply on West River are the singular boats and barges peculiar to the country, not the least conspicuous of which is the *ho-tau*, which means literally a "river ferry," of which class we are often meeting specimens, while others are following in our wake. It will be remembered that we took passage on one of these, the owner of which agreed to carry us to Po-se, six hundred miles from Canton, for one hundred taels, equal to a little over \$150. He calculates it will take us forty days to make the passage, which will make an average of fifteen miles a day. It is a slow

method of travel, but the best in China, except where the few steamers ply.

The ho-tan, which looks in the distance like a huge floating house, is commonly used by mandarins and well-to-do traders in their trips up and down the rivers. The better class liking luxury and comfort even when travelling, these house-boats are roomy and well-furnished, so as to afford the greatest ease and delight. In summer they furnish a very



BOAT SCENE ON THE RIVER, CANTON.

enjoyable way of travelling, to him who does not put a high valuation on his time. They are made flat-bottomed, and draw from a foot and a half to two feet of water. A deck-house, with about eight-foot posts and running nearly the entire length, is divided into several apartments by movable partitions. These are lighted and ventilated by glass windows, which have wooden shutters that can be closed at pleasure. A foot-board or walk-way about a foot and a half in width runs the entire length of the boat on both sides, to support the crew when navi-



gating the craft by means of long poles. These boatmen keep time to their strokes with unearthly cries; the more noise and confusion they create the better. On account of the danger that exists to this day from river pirates who infest many of these streams, these boats usually carry an armament of firearms, some ancient horse-pistols, pikes, both straight and pronged, and halberds. The last two named are the



CHRIST CHURCH FOR FOREIGNERS, CANTON.

famous weapons of Chinese history, and the tales of old are filled with the wonderful deeds performed by the redoubtable warriors of a day and amid scenes that are hard to locate at this time.

These boats are all appropriately named, as well as being properly christened, and bear sometimes several proverbs from favourite authors carefully engraved on a panel or tablet. We notice the following suggestive lines: "Mountains are famous as being the abiding-places, as well as for their heights;" "Rivers are more renowned for the dragons inhab-



iting their waters than for their depth ;” “ This boat, where I live with virtue and contentment, is safer and more desirable than the imperial throne.”

The sun was sinking behind a dark mass of rock and earth and scanty vegetation on our left, marking the speedy approach of night, and all of those on the boat who had the leisure were watching the abrupt frontage of country ahead, when the ho-tau swung lazily around toward the left bank, though there was no sign of a landing-place anywhere in this vicinity. The watchers instantly turned their gaze from the landscape to seek the cause of this sudden and unexpected change of course, fearing that some accident had fallen to the craft. A rapid glance along the rough bank showed only the solitary figure of a man, whose form was silhouetted against the sky with remarkable boldness. His long, straggling white beard, if nothing else about his tall, slender figure, told that he was long since past the prime of life, though he stood erect as a youth. He remained perfectly motionless until the boat swung near enough for him to spring from the point of rock on board, when the boatmen brought their craft back into the middle current, and resumed their laborious poling against the stream.

Now that we get a closer look at this stranger, who has so unceremoniously joined our party, we can see that he is older than we had judged from a more distant view, but his dress shows that he does not belong to the lower class. In our country we should look upon him, with his threadbare garments and travel-stained appearance, as a gentleman in needy circumstances. But if his means are not the best, his countenance is cheerful, and the moment we hear his voice we are pleased. He suggests a phase of life we have not seen before, and which we do not yet understand. Upon inquiry, we learn that he is well known to the crew of the ho-tau, and then our tin-chai introduces him as “ Go Mung, the Talebearer.”

This awakens further curiosity, and the result is that we learn something both surprising and interesting. Mr. Go Mung, the Talebearer, is more strictly speaking, a news-carrier, of which we are told there are many in China. Though book-making has been carried on to a considerable extent, the Chinese have no newspaper, as we understand the term. But the news is pretty well circulated by personal mediums, every man, woman, and child being a sort of walking daily, going about diffusing

the accounts of the day. In the interior districts, it may be readily understood that these affairs are often months old before they reach the people of these districts, but it is news there, and as such passes current. This seems to have aroused Mr. Go Mung to the fact that it might be made profitable for some one to devote his time to making periodical visits to these places, carrying the latest happenings in the coast towns. So our strange passenger is a personal newspaper bent on circulating the news to his patrons hundreds of miles away, it may be. He has come recently from Hong-kong, which is proved by his giving us bits of affairs



A COUNTRY FARMHOUSE.

that have taken place since we left there. He is a fluent talker, who can speak ten or twelve different languages and dialects, among which, we are glad to find, he counts the English. He seems pleased at our appearance, and immediately we begin to wonder how our tin-chai will look upon this intruder. He appears unconcerned, as if it did not matter to him, as long as he got his pay, and we are sure the pleasure of our trip will be doubled by the other's companionship.

By this time we are in the midst of a wild, picturesque scene, that even in China is noted for its attractions. In America or Europe it would be visited by tourists from far and near as a popular resort. Shau-hing-hap Gorge, as it is known, is nearly four miles long, flanked on either side

by steep mountainsides that look as if the whole mighty body had been dropped here by some great power. The channel of the river becomes compressed to one-fifth of its usual width, and the sullen waters flow swiftly between its granite barriers at a depth, in places, of a hundred feet. The wall of sheer rock, destitute of vegetation at places, becomes here and there the fountain-head for torrents of water leaping forth to fall into the river below. Along the base of the rock winds a well-worn foot-path, and we fall to wondering where it leads, and for what purpose travellers can be wending their lonely way here under the mists and the shadows of the mountains.

Go Mung is standing by our side, and we are about to ask him its explanation, when he points out to us a weird figure standing on the summit of the rocky height overtopping us. Then the ho-tau swings around enough for us to see, to our surprise, a woman's form clearly defined to her waist in the sunlight which falls on the mountains, and standing with head inclined forward, as if in an expectant attitude, looking for the coming of some one. The old Talebearer must have noticed our look of wonder, — perhaps he had anticipated it, — for he begins to tell, in a low tone, the legend that he has no doubt told many times before, of the "Expectant Wife," as the stone image of Shan-hing-hap Pass is called.

"Once a man and his wife lived in this region, each with unfaltering faith in the other, and both extremely happy. But after a time it became necessary for them to be separated for awhile, he being called away from home on business. Both knew he was entering a country filled with war-like people, but they parted firm in the belief that they should be reunited after three years. As might be expected, the time sped slowly and sorrowfully to the waiting wife. But it soon proved different to her husband, who had forgotten his pledge to her, and was basking in the smiles of a siren of the country of Kwangsi. Finally he recalled the loving wife he had left at home, and he decided to pay her a visit, intending to return after a short tarry, believing that he could come on an excuse of further business. But the fair wooer of Kwangsi, unable to dissuade him from leaving her, and suspecting his object, feared he would never come back. Once out of her presence, her power would cease over him. Unknown to this recreant husband, she was a sorceress, so she tried by every means to stop him. But the strength of the love of the faithful wife seemed

to draw him away, and in her desperation the siren followed him down to the river on which he was to go by boat to Shau-hing-hap. The moment of parting came, and, having failed in all her artifices, the baffled woman resorted to her last and only hope. Under the pretence of a hopeful parting, she went through a strange form of magic, and he was changed to stone just as he was leaving her side. He is still to be seen in a cave close by the river, a spot which is known to this day as 'The Held Man Cave,' while the mountain above is called 'The Husband Expecting Hill.' The grieved wife, worn with anxious watching and waiting, had prayed to



BEGGARS ON HILLS NEAR NANKIN.

the supernatural power to send her husband, which accounted for the siren's failure. When her husband was turned to stone, singularly the wife herself was changed to the same element, where she was standing on her lofty lookout, and there she

remains to this day. It is believed that some day the pair will be brought together, and the faithful wife be thus rewarded for her long years of separation."

Near the upper end of the gorge stands the city that gives it its name, Shau-hing-fu, famed for its nine-storied pagoda, built after the style of the pagodas of Southern China. This town, once the provincial capital in the days when the Portuguese first landed off the coast, covers a large extent of territory, with a front of solid wall protecting it from the floods of the river, which are to be dreaded at certain periods of the year. Though this place has fallen sadly from its early grandeur, traces of that prosperous day are to be seen in the broad stone slabs paving the streets, and big,





THE SOWKEWAN ROAD NEAR WHITEFIELD STATION, HONG-KONG.



busy shops that speak of a time when bustle and activity reigned on all hands. Not far from Shau-hing, on the east side, rise abruptly from the green plain the seven lonely peaks of limestone known as the "Seven Stars," and formerly the resort of numerous religious followers. Temples were raised here, and in the caves at the foot of the peaks are several bronze images, and Go Mung assures us that there are many interesting legends connected with the place.

Above the gorge the hills beat a hasty retreat from the river, and the



PAGODAS ON GRAND CANAL.

country becomes covered with growth, where it is not dotted with hamlets surrounded by cultivated fields. This portion of the river passage has not yet lost its reputation of being dangerous for foreign travellers. The people are grossly superstitious and prejudiced against newcomers. Everywhere one goes one is followed by a crowd, which at the moment least expected becomes a mob, and a Chinese mob is the very worst rabble to meet in the world.

We soon find ourselves passing the ridge of black crystalline stone known as "Cock's Comb Rock." At its foot the waters dash madly

against huge boulders, which seem to have been thrown by a giant hand at random into the stream. The boatmen are kept busy battling with the current, and close down by the rocky wall we see the wreck of a ho-tan that was hurled upon the rocks only the day before. Beyond this place the north bank of the river rises abruptly from the water to a considerable height, while scattered along the summit are here and there Chinese pagodas, so common in this country. The landscape grows more inviting



COUNTRY SCENE NEAR SHANGHAI.

as we advance until we enter one of the finest regions to be found in the great empire. The river continues to run close to the base of the hills on our right, the scene, even to the blue sky above, not unlike the shores of Swiss lakes. But the novelty of the Swiss chalets is exchanged for the fantastic joss-houses, and the picturesque dwellings of the Alpine people are displaced by the odd-looking adobe buildings of the Chinese, marked as they are everywhere with clumps of bamboos. The stream is alive with river craft, and the medley of cries from the noisy boatmen fills the air and makes hideous a scene which would otherwise be exceedingly enjoyable.



A little later the setting sun throws broad beams of changing gold over the hillsides, which turns to silver on the river, while fleecy clouds with azure linings, such as we have seen overhanging Lucerne, float across the Oriental sky, finally fading into the deep blue background of the distance. As the twilight robs the lower country of its transient beauty, the straggling, irregular appearance of the tiled walls and thatched roofs of a Chinese village, embowered in the midst of bamboo thickets and other more ancient-looking trees, breaks upon our view. The buildings fronting



COLOSSAL ELEPHANTS AT MING TOMBS, NANKIN.

the river have stone basements, with walls overhanging them. Back of these, perched on stone under-stories and reached by tier on tier of stone steps, rise one above another the houses, topped like straw stacks, with here and there the curious-looking joss-house, supposed to hold the good fortune of the place. In the distance rises the picturesque Wa-piu-seh, the wooded belt of its upper half and the cultivated regions below giving it the appearance of being only half clothed. A thin, silver mist, hanging like a veil over its massive forehead, grows dark with the approaching night, as our ho-tau moves in against the river bank and the boatmen secure the craft from drifting away.

This part of the river, which sweeps around to the south here, is rich in the romance of other days, all of which has not fled. The Tale-bearer has sought the town to carry the latest news, his appearance everywhere hailed with delight by the people, who have looked eagerly forward for his coming, it may be for a long time. During his absence our tin-chai keeps our interest alive with tales of the river outlaws, who once, if not now, infested this part of the country, and whose daring deeds and reckless chivalry outrival those of Dick Turpin and Sixteen-String-Jack and their companions in the days when Hounslow Heath resounded with their ringing demands for money or life and the hoof-strokes of their flying horses in case the pursuit became hot. One of this outlawed band became especially noted for his boldness and cunning, until his name was a terror to all peaceful sojourners in the region. Like all of his daring type, his fate was as remarkable as his career had been romantic.

A peasant living across the river was visited in his dreams one night by a magician, who told him that on a certain witch's hour (midnight), if he would walk to the river's bank backward, he would find there a pair of slippers capable of enabling him to cross the rapid stream dry-shod. He would also find there a sword endowed with power to make him able to slay the bold brigand while he slept in his hut under the mountain. Saying nothing of his wonderful dream even to his wife, this brave fellow arose the following night at the appointed hour, and went down to the river just as he had been told, even counting his steps to know that he was right. Sure enough, he found there the slippers and the sword. The first he put on his feet, and the keen-edged weapon he clasped in a firm hold, while he walked over the rushing water without mishap. He found the pirate sleeping, as he had been told, and he slew him at the first stroke of his charmed blade. Flushed with the triumph of his feat, he returned over the river, keeping the sword and the slippers as proof and mementoes of his night's adventure. The hero died long since, his home has crumbled away, the sword and magic slippers cannot be found, but the story of his great deed is still told as the boatmen move past the place where he is supposed to have crossed on his merciful errand.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### NATURAL WONDERS.

THE landscape constantly pleases the traveller by its varying phases. No two scenes are alike. The land capable of cultivation along this river is, as a rule, a mere band of earth, the background consisting of detached hills or long, ragged ridges. The physical appearance of the inhabitants shows that they are inured to hardships and persistent toil in order to obtain a subsistence. But for all that they are better clothed and seem more prosperous than some of the people farther north, whom we have since met.

Now the hills crowd themselves down into the water, narrowing the stream to its utmost, or anon the landscape flattens, the stream, but a short time before deep and sullen and narrow, becoming a broad sheet of water as much as three miles in width. The bare hillsides of a short time previous are succeeded by slopes covered with the graceful bamboo, the higher ascents are marked by patches of a lesser growth, while, lower down, dense greenwoods cover the plains. The scarceness of timber on the hillsides is not the fault of nature, but is due to the improvidence of man. The soil and climate are both capable of producing abundant growth, if he would only allow them to carry out their part of the great order of things. In justice, it should be added that the government has begun to see the need of official assistance, and already measures have been taken which will ensure a restoration of the original garb of these uplands, and thus add materially to the wealth of the country. If the hills have suffered neglect, as much cannot be said of the fertile valleys, which are in a high state of cultivation everywhere. In this region the overflows of the river, like those of the Nile, materially enrich the soil.

This evening we have seen a sight which is well worth many miles of travel to witness. It is nothing less than the famous "fire tree" of China. It stands near the summit of a slight elevation of ground,—a

shapely tumulus of earth, — just as if it had sought this position to show off to its best advantage. But this only comes to us upon second thought. We at first see only a shapely tree of medium size, every part of whose straight trunk, graceful branches, and delicate foliage is ablaze with unwonted splendour. Overhead, a circle of brilliant light shows for a long distance, while the earth around for a wide circumference glistens and sparkles with the transparent illumination of the living lamp, one of nature's wonders. We are dazzled, bewildered, by this magnificent spectacle, of which we have heard what we had considered exaggerated accounts, but which we find have done but scanty credit to the beauti-

ful object. Nor does our admiration cease when we know that all this bright, phosphorescent illumination comes from a myriad of little creatures called the "lantern fly" (*fulgora candelaria*) of China. The light radiates



BRIDGE OVER CANAL AT SOOCHOW.

from the transparent sides of the insect's long cylindrical proboscis.

The Talebearer, though he has doubtless seen just such a phenomenon many times, seems greatly affected by the sight of the fire-tree, and, as we turn away, he tells us the following curious story to account for its origin :

"Many years ago, so many that the learned writers cannot compute the time, though one of them spent his entire life in reckoning the ages, there lived two youthful princes of great beauty and manliness. This couple loved each other dearly, and they were always seen together. One day, as they were out in the country walking about, they came upon a deep, wide ravine, spanned by a bridge of flowers. While they stood admiring the beautiful structure, they discovered on the opposite side



two maidens of wondrous beauty. They fancied these beckoned for them to cross over, and, regardless of the frailty of the bridge, they passed over to the sunny bank of the ravine.

"The fair twain proved as sweet-tempered as they were beautiful, and the youths were fain to tarry with them, the four talking the romantic nonsense in which the young delight. Finally, after what seemed to them a brief stay with the enchantresses, they reluctantly bade them adieu. But when they turned to retrace their steps, they found that the flower bridge had vanished, so that a wide gulf lay between them and the farther bank. Thus were they obliged to go around the ravine, which took them so long, they claimed, — though the wise heads said it was because they had tarried such a time with the pretty, bewitching maids, — that they were old men when they reached their native place. Nor was this the worst, for the home of their father could not be found, and they could find no one who knew him. After many vain inquiries,



GREAT BELL TOWER AT NANKIN.

they came to understand that a new generation of people was on earth, and that their kindred had slept, lo! many, many years under the silken sward of the village's ancient burial-ground. They did not care to linger long amid a scene so painful to them, and at the close of one summer day they were carried side by side to a place of rest near their parents. As for the maids, who had proved themselves sorceresses, they were transformed into those living lamps, the beautiful fire trees.'"

This is the Chinese version of the tale of Rip Van Winkle, which

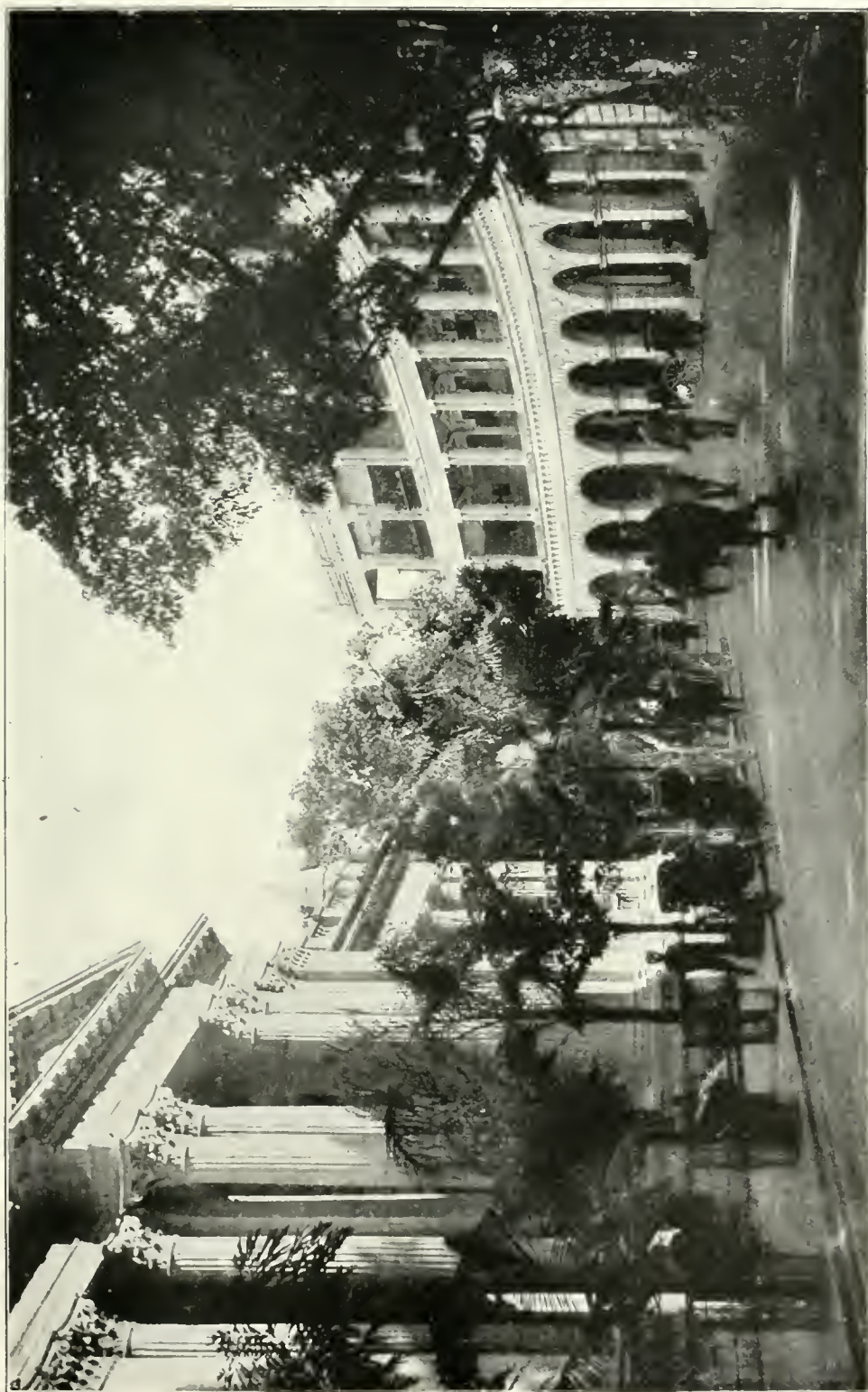
is common to all lands, in one form or another. On many of the fans of the Flowery Kingdom have been painted the scenes of this legend, the young maids in flowing pink and blue silk gowns, the bridge of flowers, and the youthful lovers about to cross over to the sides of their waiting sweethearts.

As we progress, the cultivation of rice becomes less common, its place taken by Indian corn, supplemented by pumpkins raised with the cereal. Then fruit orchards gladden our sight with their abundance, these having been rarely seen in the lower regions. Then the country of red sandstone hills is entered, presenting less attraction.

We soon approach the end of steam navigation, the most important city between Canton and Yunnan in the west, which lies at the junction of the Kwei and West Rivers. It is a walled town, affording but little interest to the tourist, but presents a most active appearance, with its markets situated on scows moored near the north bank of the river, its chain of rafts running up and down the stream for a long distance, and other craft beyond counting and naming lining both banks. The rafts are made of logs held together by cross-ties of stout scantlings, overlapped by planks. Each has its house raised upon wooden posts, and thatched roof overlaid with sawed planks running horizontally on the slopes. This place has a population of from thirty thousand to forty thousand people.

We begin to see a change in the landscape as soon as we leave Wuchan, and by the time we reach Mong-kong the scene becomes grand and picturesque. The river winds through a perfect maze of hills, set with a background of mountains, whose wooded sides rise into the sky with outlines softened by the liquid azure of the Southern atmosphere. We are told that the hillsides afford good hiding-places for bands of robbers that are the terror of the country. Their favourite places of resort are the forts raised during the Taiping rebellion, which were left to ruin when the insurrection had been ended. The stories of the boatmen are now graphic accounts of wild adventure, which the traveller has to accept with a certain amount of allowance. Fortunately, none of the bold marauders offer to molest us.

This leads us to say that the inhabitants of the "Two Kwangs," tung (east) and si (west), are looked upon by the rest of the inhabitants



BEACONSFIELD ARCADE, AND HONG-KONG AND SHANGHAI BANK BUILDINGS.





of the empire as "barbarians," and not fit to receive into association. The stranger cannot fail to notice a marked difference from the Cantonese in demeanour and personal appearance. As we continue north we shall find a still more marked difference. On the whole, they are not as agreeable, and their language, dress, bearing, and individual traits go to show that they must have sprung from different stock. In this connection, it may be added that all Chinese consider the people of other

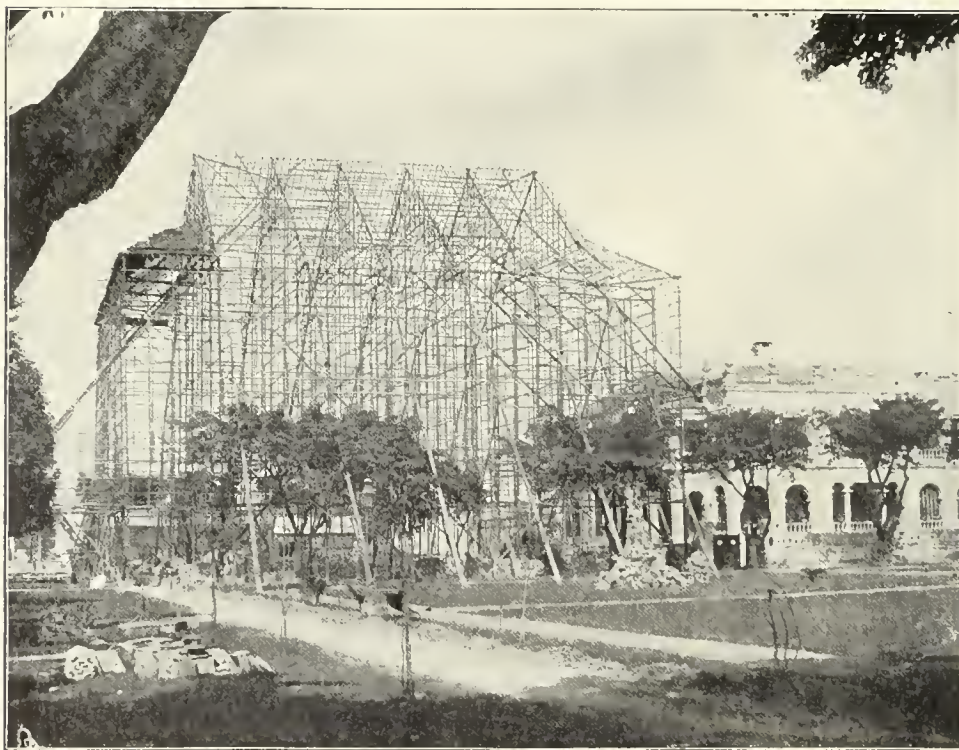


VIEW ON ISLAND OF FOOTOO.

countries to be a part of the "cut-off" regions," and that they are barbarians. We are now in West Kwang, or country.

The Fuho, or Kwei — meaning literally "demon" — River, which we are to follow, enters the main stream where it is much smaller than at Wuchan. The Fuho has its headwaters in the highlands between the valleys of the West River and the Sang-ka, or Red River. Running through a broken country, of which we have begun to get an example, it is not navigable for steamers.

We soon begin to hear about that inland city of Kwangsi, Naning, which is situated on this river just above one of its sharp bends. The country in this vicinity is comparatively level, rising gently from the banks of the stream into the interior, which is thickly wooded. The town stretches along the encircling river on the north bank, and is a walled city larger than Wuchan, having, perhaps, fifty thousand inhabitants, though it is never safe to figure on the population of a Chinese



BAMBOO SCAFFOLDING FOR A FOREIGN HOUSE.

town. Years ago, before the rebellion of the Yunnan Mussulmen and the Taiping insurrection, it was more prosperous than it is now. The trade during those troublesome times, of which we shall have occasion to speak more definitely hereafter, was driven northward to the Yangtse Kiang, and it has never returned. Probably it will never come back, though the situation of Naning is a promising one, and whenever the country south and west is opened, as it should be, this would become a flourishing commercial centre. Still, before "banking on" the

future of this place, it should be considered that the province of Kwangsi is broken, and only a small proportion of its territory is fit for cultivation. These tracts are along the banks of the streams finding their sources in the mountainous interior. This province, which is about the size of our State of Kansas, and Kwang-tung, a little larger, are remarkably thinly populated, according to the general idea of the empire, if the cities are left out of account. Not all of the land suitable for tillage has been taken up, strange as this may seem.

Buffaloes, called here "water oxen," many of which are white and very docile, are common in this region, being used in the cultivation of rice. They are considered to be worth from fifteen to twenty taels, or twenty to thirty dollars, apiece. Oxen are very scarce and higher in price. We have seen two or three scrub ponies. White being looked upon in China with ill-favour, and considered to belong to mourning, we are struck by the great number of white kerchiefs worn about the head by the people in this vicinity. It may be also a sign of poverty, for the larger part of the inhabitants are very poor.

More and more are we made to believe as we go ahead that we are not wanted here. Every stranger is looked upon by the natives as come to do them harm, to take away their *po*, which short expression is equivalent to saying "Rob us of our good fortune." Ten-li stones are to be seen occasionally along the country routes, but seldom with any particular regard to distance, the slabs being sometimes thrice as far apart as at others. On our asking concerning this, we are told that if the distance is greater the route is more easy to travel, which evens up the seeming discrepancy.

Many of the men of this part of the province, and in fact elsewhere, have Chung-koo women for wives. The women of this class in Kwang-si have a wide notoriety for possessing powers not belonging to humans. It is claimed they can cast a spell over their husbands or lovers which cannot be broken by them. The man who forsakes his wife, or the lover who deserts his prospective bride, is sure to become unfortunate and die at the end of three years. Our tin-chai has many accounts of this kind to tell, the majority of which fell under his own observation, if we are to believe all he says. Among others that he tells is the story of the Cantonese man who married one of these women, but finally tiring of her, resolved to

abandon her, believing he was cunning enough to do it without arousing her suspicions. Thus he never hinted of going away until the morning of his intended departure, when he abruptly declared to his wife that he was going home for a short visit. She appeared unconcerned, but when she



PAGODA AT KEWKIANG.

invited him to eat he pleaded indisposition, and did not eat or drink for fear she had touched the food with some magic potion. Upon the eve of his leave-taking she gave him a pen with which he might write to her, and he took the gift without dreaming of any evil consequence. Soon after, in using it, he touched it to his tongue, and at the end of three years, not returning to his wife, he died. It is said with apparent good reason

that there are few recreant lovers or unfaithful husbands where these artful women make their homes.

Our next place of interest is Ngan-pai Gorge, where the river is again compressed into a narrow channel, and the banks rise abruptly from the water's edge. Above this rugged spot the bold front of granite known as Tchu-tan, or "Pig's Head," stands out in such prominent relief as to attract the attention of the passers-by. Some years since the boatmen



discovered the image of a Buddhist goddess, when she in some way conveyed to them her wish to be taken to a place on the hilltop, where she was borne by her willing followers, and a temple was erected in plain sight on an opposite hill. The name of the first hill was altered to Ne-to.

Chinese temples are composed of a series of cloisters surrounded by a court, the temple or hall being connected by terraces or galleries, their proportions plain and meagre, and without any claim to strength or bold-



THE HORSE GOD, TEMPLE NEAR SHANGHAI.

ness of design. These temples, associated with halls of different guilds and assemblies, with the yamens of the official residents, afford almost the only public buildings to be seen in a Chinese city. And these have little to distinguish them from other buildings or to impress the visitor with any special importance. They are far inferior to the Buddhist temples of Burma, and lack the impressive sacredness belonging to the temples of Japan.

We see here the prettiest joss-house that we have found. It is a hand-

some structure raised in three tiers, built of gray-coloured brick, the upper story being square, while the one below is hexagonal, which gives the building a striking effect not common with Chinese edifices of this nature. The ground floor is ornamented with several rude, bright-coloured images, prominent among them being a grotesque figure in flowing skirts, and with a horn on either side of its head. The right hand is uplifted, holding in the air a huge Chinese pen, which is believed to prove him to be a god of literature, though why the horns are considered a necessary part of the figure is beyond our understanding. The mythology of the ancients called for these horns on the river gods, and it may be these Chinese gods of literature are related to them. We cannot say. But the Talebearer is ready for a story, and we must listen, or incur his displeasure for an indefinite period.

“The story is of the peasant who loved the daughter of the mandarin. She was very beautiful and her father extremely rich, so it seemed the height of presumption for him to think of marrying her, but he was determined, and she was willing. So the lovers persisted in meeting after her father had positively forbidden her even to see him. To make matters worse for them, the mandarin had selected a rich tea-merchant for his only daughter, and this trader was not only very old but exceedingly ugly. He had had many wives already, and they had all died mysterious deaths. But he offered the mandarin a large sum for his daughter as a new wife, and the temptation of the money, together with his desire to get rid of the peasant-lover, caused the father to consent.

“The lovers used to meet on the top of yonder hill, which you see from this side is very steep, though on the other it is more gradual in its ascent. Now it so happened that as the mandarin was returning home on the eve preceding the day he had set for his daughter’s wedding, he discovered that she and her lover were about to start for their trysting-place at the summit of the hill. Knowing that it would fare ill with them should her father find her with him, the peasant told the maiden to get into a big sack he had with him, when he flung the bag, with her in it, over his shoulder and started homeward.

“But the mandarin stopped him, and pretending he did not know what he was certain was true, asked what the youth was carrying on his shoulders that seemed so heavy.

“‘If it does not displease you, sir,’ replied the frightened peasant, ‘my burden is not as heavy as it may appear from my actions. A bag of grain weighs less than a hundred pounds.’

“‘So it is a sack of grain?’ cried the mandarin. ‘Look here, sir youth, to prove to me it is not heavy let me see you carry it to the top of yon hill, without once resting on your way.’

“Thoroughly alarmed, the peasant knew not what to say, and while he hesitated the mandarin said :



BUDDHIST TEMPLE, NEAR NINGPO.

“‘Hark you! As an encouragement for you to take this trouble to humour an old man’s whim, I will give you my daughter in marriage if you succeed in carrying that sack with all in it to the hilltop. But if you have to stop to rest, or fail to reach the summit, you are never to speak to her again as long as you both live. Will you agree to this?’

“The poor youth looked up the steep ascent, which was so difficult to climb even unhampered with a burden, and then at the hard-featured mandarin. He saw that a crowd of people was beginning to gather, and for a moment he felt dizzy from the thought of his situation. Fore-



most in the line of spectators was the rich tea-merchant, who laughed heartily at his discomfiture, having been apprised of the situation by the mandarin. With a very pale countenance, but resolved to accomplish the feat if possible, he whispered a word of encouragement to the concealed maiden, and started on his laborious journey.

"He moved slowly at the start, knowing that he would need every particle of strength before he should gain the summit. This the mandarin



VIEW IN RAVINE AT TA-LAN-SHAN.

mistook for weakness, and he laughed long and loud, in which merriment the tea-merchant joined. But the crowd, as crowds generally do, favoured the unfortunate, and a mirthless silence fell upon the rest of the spectators. Picking his way with extreme care, feeling that a single misstep would send himself and his precious charge to the bottom of the precipice, the youth continued to mount high and higher. Now he is midway in the ascent, and the onlookers see him hesitate for a moment, as if doubtful of his

ability to move on. The mandarin and the merchant cease their laughter. The situation grows more serious. What if the youth does succeed in reaching the top? Then the yet more startling alternative enters their obstinate minds, what if he fails? Will the maid be dashed to death upon the rocks below? With the others they now watch the arduous movements of the young peasant with breathless anxiety.

"Two-thirds of the distance has been made, and again the lover hesitates, while for a moment a face of deathly pallor is turned backward. Then he rallies, he moves sideways, he staggers upward, his steps are





CANTON FROM THE RIVER FRONT.



short, his feet move close together, it is superhuman effort urging him on; the sack breaks open at the top, a pair of arms is lifted upward, as if to help lighten the burden of the struggling bearer. Even the father prays now that they may reach the summit. See! he is almost to the brink, he staggers backward; a groan of despair leaves the lips of the spectators, it is their first utterance; he rallies, he lifts another foot, he reaches the level of the top, he staggers again, he falls, but it is forward. With the maid clasped in his arms, he lies at the summit of the hill. He has won! A shout of joy goes up from the crowd, while the disappointed merchant raves in anger.

"No move is made by those at the crest of the hill to rise, and the wondering spectators soon start hurriedly toward the spot, both the mandarin and the merchant, the first with emotions that even he cannot understand, and the other filled with rage, following the others. But it is a long way around, and it is some time before



STONE ANIMALS AT MING TOMBS.

the foremost, a nimble-footed friend of the peasant-lover, reaches the side of the still motionless couple. They lie face to face on the ground. A single look and he springs back.

"‘They rest after that terrible journey,’ declared the mandarin.

"‘Separate them!’ yelled the angry merchant.

"‘The Goddess of Mercy forbid that they ever be separated,’ said a spectator, fervently.

"‘Well might they rest after that awful ordeal,’ said the young man, speaking respectfully to the mandarin first; then to the glowering merchant he replied:

"‘It is not in your power to part them: they are both dead!’”

Farther up we see the famous rock called Pang-tong-ngan, which rises abruptly from the water’s edge to a considerable height. In a cave near

by, it is said, the noted emperor of the Ming dynasty, Kimmun, took refuge with his army when pursued by his powerful enemies. As they did not find him here, he transformed the cave into a temple, and became himself a priest.

The scenery above this historic cave is beautiful, the richly wooded hills taking on a purple tint, while those nearer the river stand out in a deep brown, relieved by the silver of the stream and the soft azure of the sky.



## CHAPTER IX.

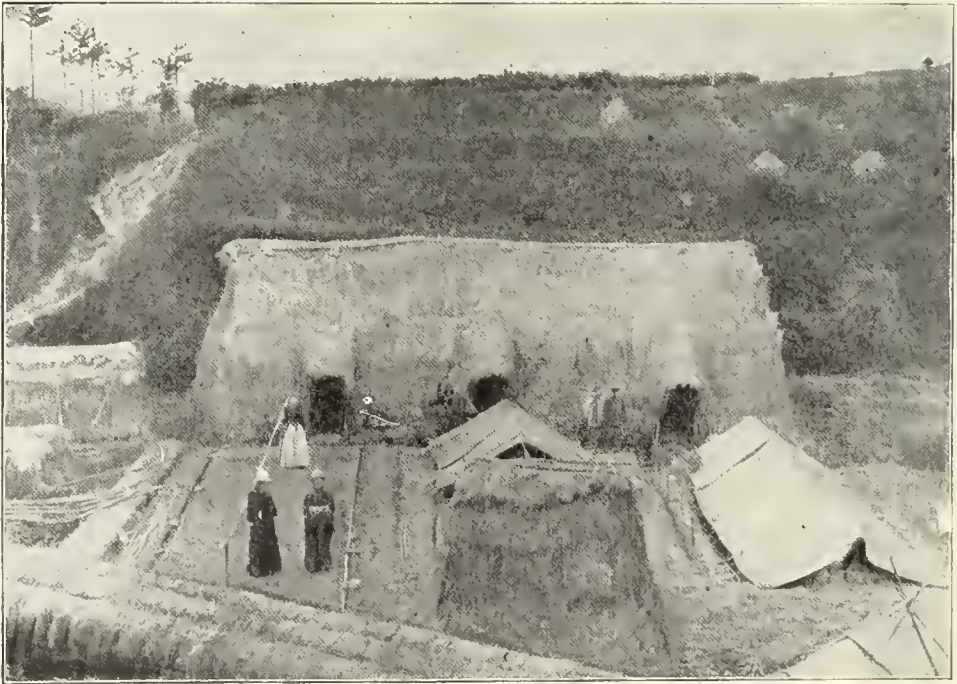
### THE HEAD OF RIVER NAVIGATION.

WE are both amused and surprised at the number of soldiers to be seen on dress parade at the different villages as we advance. A placard on the breast of each uniformed member of the marching ranks proclaims him to be a "Brave." How effective this bit of literary conceit would prove in battle we cannot say, but if it does add a ridiculous appearance to the moving column it certainly lends picturesque effect, and reminds us of a semi-military organisation at home which was shrewdly described by an anti-admirer as "invincible at the banquet, invisible in battle."

The Tu-yang tribe of natives, whom we meet on this trip, has a curious custom resembling that of our St. Valentine's Day, which takes place on the first three days of the year. All the young people of the village, divided into two parties according to sex, station themselves on opposite sides of the valley. Songs, feasting, and love-making are the leading features of the occasion, which opens by the swains singing improvised love-songs to such damsels as they desire to captivate. If these serenades are received with favour by any maid, she throws a coloured ball, wound by her own nimble fingers, to him whom she wishes to catch it. If he misses, woe to his future peace of mind for at least that year, unless she grants him a second trial. When successful, the lover escorts his sweetheart to the fair arranged for this fête, and for the three days he is subject to her slightest caprice, being expected to buy whatever she may choose. It can be said to the credit of the fair ones that it is seldom one goes beyond the means of her companion. The festival over, the even tenor of the old life goes on, until another year sees a new fair planned, intended perhaps to eclipse any former effort.

Notwithstanding the many little inconveniences and annoyances that we experience, the trip grows more attractive as we progress, though we cannot deny that much of its interest is due to our genial and versatile

companion, Go Mung, the Talebearer. Each evening, the day's sight-seeing over and the boatmen at rest with their inseparable pipes, he seats himself at our feet, and while we listen and doze, and awaken to listen again, he tells some new tale of olden times, arouses our interest with some new development in the picturesque mythology of the country, until our sketch-book contains treasures equal to the fascinating entertainments of the "Arabian Nights." That which surprises us most is the singular purity of thought and expression in the myths of this region,



A BRICK AND TILE YARD, NEAR NINGPO.

which, in this respect, is wonderfully rich. The ancient religious accounts of no other Oriental country can match it in this regard.

"Once upon a time," began Go Mung, "a poor man planted a bed of ginseng, and it being his only crop he guarded it with zealous care, both by day and night. As the season grew cooler he built him a temporary shelter, which he could move about, as a protection during the hours of night-time. He had no sons to take his place when he began to tire of these lonely vigils, so that finally one night he fell asleep at his post. He did not believe that he had slept long, but when he awoke and looked

around, he was horrified to find his ginseng all gone, even to the smallest plant.

“As he had depended greatly upon this crop, he was sorely grieved over his loss, the more so because it had been snatched from his very presence while he had fallen under the influence that he could not well withstand longer. But his countenance brightened, as he selected from among his neighbours him whom he had good reason to think had committed the theft. This guilty man, as the other looked upon him, had



VIEW NEAR SOOCHOW.

long been unfriendly to him, and he judged him capable of this contemptible act. Without loss of time he hastened to the nearest magistrate to enter his complaint, with tears in his eyes and venom in his heart.

“Now this magistrate, who knew both the aggrieved and the accused, was a very wise man — wiser than the people knew. He began to question the accuser closely.

“‘You say you were asleep upon your watch, and yet you accuse your neighbour of stealing away your ginseng. Pray how do you know this?’

“ ‘ Because he has only hatred for me. It has been a good three years since he has deigned to speak to me.’

“ ‘ And you think this sufficient reason for him to steal your vegetable? Does the fact that the man is your enemy show him to be a rascal and a thief? Stay, do not think me unfaithful to my duty. Did the thief leave no clue by which he can be found?’

“ ‘ Alas, sir! my portable hutch is the only thing left about the place.’



BRIDGE OVER CREEK AT KIASHAN.

“ ‘ Very well, bring that to me, and rest assured that I will punish the thief, besides restoring to you your stolen ginseng.’

“The man thought this a strange request, but he did as he was told, though he had slight hope that the magistrate would fulfil his promise. His lack of faith changed to bitter contempt for such a silly officer, when he heard that his portable hutch was to be tried in court the following day for stealing his ginseng. Who ever heard of such a thing as trying an inanimate object for theft! Others must have thought the same, for at the hour of the opening of the court the building was crowded with the people who had come from far and near to see what the foolish (he was



no longer considered wise) man was going to accomplish by such a senseless trial. The loser of the ginseng saw among the spectators the one whom he believed to be thief, and whom he was resolved to have another magistrate arrest before he could get away. But he thought it would do no harm to wait and see this strange trial over.

“Well, the magistrate ordered the constables to bring the hutch into the court, when he proceeded to charge it with the misdemeanour, following the same course of action he would have taken had it been a person. Upon proceeding, and the hutch failing to offer any defence, as it could not well be expected to do, he commanded the constables to beat it till it confessed whom it had seen steal the ginseng, or, if it had been asleep at its post, until it had confessed its fault. Then the officers went to work with a merry will, dealing such terrific blows that the poor hutch soon fell to pieces. The crowd, which at first had looked upon this proceeding with disgust, could no longer keep quiet, and loud and prolonged peals of laughter filled the court-room, arousing the magistrate’s anger, in appearance, to such a height that he ordered the gates to be closed so that none could escape, and imposed upon the persons present a fine of a pound of ginseng!

“As the fine was not great, the people soon recovered their good nature at this action of the magistrate, which they considered in keeping with his whole course. Of course few there had any ginseng to sell or pay in fines, and the magistrate delegated officers to accompany parties of the condemned to buy it wherever they could. In this way the fines were obtained and paid over to the court, until not an ounce of ginseng could be found in those parts. Then the magistrate very good-naturedly called the plaintiff to his side.

“‘Can you pick out the ginseng of your raising?’ he asked of the man.

“‘Certainly, sir. It was a kind of plant that I obtained elsewhere, and there is none like it raised in town.’

“‘Select a few bunches, then.’

“When the man had done this, the magistrate looked over the records he had carefully kept, and found out the name of the greengrocer who had sold this vegetable that day. This man was speedily arrested, and, upon pleading his innocence in the matter, gave the name of him who had sold him the ginseng. This person was present, and, when arrested,

confessed the crime. But he was not the villager the plaintiff had unjustly accused. As the magistrate ordered the thief to be punished for his offence, he said to the poor gardener:

“‘Now you see how a little prejudice warped your judgment. Because your neighbour did not like you, you judge him as a thief. Go and ask his pardon, and then return to me for your deserts in the matter.’ Trembling with fear, the plaintiff humbly sued for the forgiveness of the suspected neighbour, who freely overlooked the mistake, and the two



COLLEGE OF MATHEMATICS, WUCHANG.

became from that time the best of friends. Thereupon the magistrate gave to the poor man all of the ginseng which had been accumulated from the odd trial, so that the best of good feelings prevailed, while the magistrate added greatly to his previous credit for wisdom.”

Soon after we come upon another district showing distinctly different characteristics among its people from those we have seen below. We learn that until about two hundred years ago these provinces of Kwang, each large enough to be considered as a distinct country, were known as the “two kingdoms of Yueh.” Two centuries ago they were subjugated











by the northern powers and brought under the imperial sway of Peking. The aborigines have intermarried with immigrants from Kwangtung, and thus a mixed race is found to some extent. These people are designated as Man-tzu, which was claimed to mean "sons of barbarians." We find such specifications where we go in China, until we understand that the term of "barbarian" or "savage" is applied promiscuously wherever the inhabitants have become "civilised" later than others. The term Man-tzu is now generally given to a tribe on the Yangtse Kiang, which has been a source of considerable trouble to the government. There is one thing certain, from the great number of religious temples scattered over the country, the inhabitants are a worshipful people; and when it is taken into consideration that many of the sacred buildings are exceedingly costly, the inhabitants have been producers of wealth, even if to-day the common masses appear poor.

This fact is apparent all along this noble waterway, where we see constant evidence of a richness and importance which has largely passed. Ruined cities meet the eye at intervals singularly regular on the route, all of which must have been both powerful and prosperous sometime. One of these we saw in a valley of Yunman, where we walked deserted streets that formerly must have been thronged with hurrying feet, and gazed on noble walls now crumbling away and echoing only to the sharp hisses of insects and the whir of many wings, where once King Trade sat on his throne and the working multitudes had their homes. The air of desolation hanging over the pitiful place is laden with the dust of ages, while the loneliness of the abodes is felt more keenly than amid the conical-shaped graves on the hillside where rest the silent sleepers, some of whom may have helped build these same abandoned dwellings and commercial quarters.

Go Mung assures us that this decay is due to the fact that the carrying trade between Yunman and Canton has been changed to the Yangtse Kiang. This country is not populated with as numerous a people as it could well support, for much land available for cultivation is undisturbed by the spade or the plough. Still it must be understood that it is a hilly region, whose areas suitable for cultivation are comparatively small in proportion to its vast extent. The navigation of this great watercourse is susceptible of profitable improvement, and the something like two weeks

required in making the passage could be reduced by several days. From Canton to Pose, the head of navigation, it cannot be far from eight hundred miles, there being an ascent of five hundred feet. The scenery continues beautiful, often being grand, and as one passes town after town wasting of a lingering death, he feels a sadness over the decline of former grandeur, and longs to hear the shriek of the iron horse breaking the solitude, and wishes for the energy of Yankee-land to revivify the scene with life and activity.



EXAMINATION OF A PRISONER.

No doubt the character of the inhabitants has been greatly influenced by intermarriage with the so-called savage tribes scattered over the country. Considering how little these people can understand of the government, they seemed to us very tractable, though Go Mung declares that in their hearts there is great bitterness. This he lays at the door of the educated class near the head of the empire rather than to the ignorance of the far-distant population, who are in reality little better than aliens. Mr. A. R. Colquhoun, who is perhaps as well fitted to judge as any one, believes there are but three non-Chinese races in southern China, which he designates as the Shan, the Lolo, and the Miaotzu. The first he judges to be descendants of the aborigines of Kwangsi. The origin of the other races is more uncertain. On the whole, very little actual



knowledge has been obtained of the inhabitants of these regions, and none seem to know less about them than the powers at Peking.

Pose, or Pak-shik, formerly Pe-se, stands on a promontory overlooking the river, the narrow valley overhung by high hills. Above the town the hills appear squat, with bluffs and knolls of soft red sandstone underlaid with white. Speaking of this sandstone reminds us of the familiar and sometimes grotesque shapes these rocks assume through the action of wind, storm, and the atmosphere. Within a week we have seen remarkable likenesses of an alligator, a dog, an ox, a snake's head, a man and woman (the first of the last couple being the Detained Husband seen opposite Tsam-pan-hu, and looking very much like his deserted wife), a bearded sentinel, and now a graceful swan, which stands with spread wings as if about to soar away.

At no place have we seen a prettier stretch of the river than here. Groves of tall bamboo, swaying gracefully in the gentle breeze, dot the landscape, with all the beauty and languid repose belonging to the far-famed vistas of India's sacred river, while the stream here, coming down with rapid strokes from the highlands above, winds in and out upon the scene like a huge, silvery serpent stretched at full length across the country. The town, presenting a busy aspect, in marked contrast to the places we have been passing, stands on the northern bank, where stepping-stones and landing-steps made of bamboos lashed together, with here and there sections of planks, afford a simple way of gaining the street that comes down to the water's edge. Boats are moving sluggishly to and fro, or lying bottom up along the banks of the river. Men and women are bustling about, trafficking, chatting, engaged in washing clothes in the stream, and performing countless duties. Lusty children, shouting and laughing in high glee, play in the sand or paddle in the warm water. They appear prettier, handsomer, and healthier than those seen lower down the river, while many of the women are especially good-looking, their loose trousers, turned up to the knees as they move in the water, displaying pretty ankles, and well-rounded calves with graceful upward curves.

This is the end of the first stage in our journey. How we shall manage to keep on is as yet unsolved. But as we have got along so far without mishap, we settle with the owner of the ho-tau, pay up the tin-chai in full.

and others of our train, especially the cook, our only real dread being that we shall have to part here with Go Mung, who has actually endeared himself to our hearts. Just now we doubt if he is thinking of us, for he is the hero of the hour. It is amusing to see the crowd which follows him wherever he goes, but it is always a good-natured mob. This is saying a great deal in China, where one never knows what to expect of a crowd. At the close of the day, when the busy portion of Pose settles down to a calm, and the quiet section of the few hours before grows noisy, we are gladdened by the sight of the familiar figure of the Talebearer, who seeks

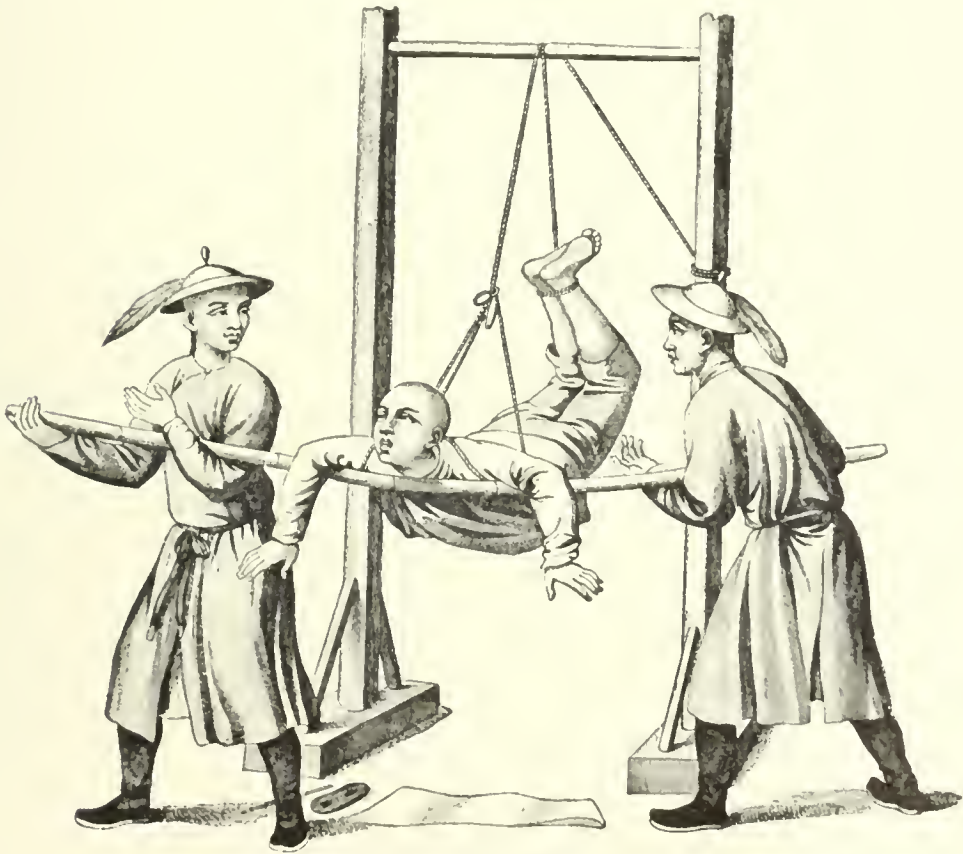


STREET PUNISHMENTS.

us at our stopping-place, and shows that he has not forgotten us by dropping squat upon the floor. Then, as he removes from his mouth his tobacco-pipe — Go Mung scorns opium — with a stem a yard long and bowl the size of a thimble, he knocks the ashes out, sticks it in the leg of his stocking, fastens his tobacco pouch to a hook on his tunic, and begins the following tale :

“Most noble sir, the brief tale I have to tell to-night illustrates the power of good over evil, which is ever the precept that our teachers seek to show. A very rich man, who was also very wise and good, gave a birthday feast. Many of his friends were present, and the rare tributes they brought expressed their love and loyalty to their host. It so hap-

pened that while the merry party was seated at the banquet, and the servants were busy attending to their wishes, a lonely wayfarer came that way. He was hungry and ragged, and as he heard the expression of joy from within he was attracted thither with a feeling of malice in his heart. Knowing that he was ill-fitted to join in a respectable festival, he entered the house by stealth, and, climbing upon one of the cross-timbers



STREET PUNISHMENTS.

overhead, he looked down upon the scene of enjoyment, and noted with avaricious gaze the well-spread table, and not less than the food the display of rare and costly presents.

“Immediately his thoughts were filled with a desire to partake of a portion of the feast, and to carry away the treasures. He had made bolder robberies than that, and he resolved to remain in his concealment until the guests had retired, when he would undertake his part of the work. I need not describe to you his eagerness to see the guests go away,

but he curbed his impatience, and, hungry as he was, remained silent and motionless until the last visitor had departed, and even the host himself had retired, leaving the presents scattered about where they could be seen and admired.

“‘What a lucky wight am I!’ thought the thief, as he prepared to descend from his lofty perch. ‘If I must partake of a cold banquet, I shall be solaced by the thought that when I go away it will be with the company of the rich presents of this proud old mandarin, whose avarice



PUNISHMENT OF THE RACK.

is equalled by his foolishness in leaving all this tempting display unwatched.’”

“He had barely finished his soliloquy, and was about to move his benumbed limbs, when he was amazed to see the rich man reënter the room, followed by his servants, all of whom were laden with their arms full of steaming dishes of food. These were set upon the long table, and the servants ordered to retire, after they had placed the new feast in readiness for two. While the thief was looking on with surprise, the host suddenly looked up toward him and, with a graceful wave of his hand, invited him to come down and be seated at the banquet!

“If terrified at first by this invitation, the thief dared not refuse, and he



obeyed in silence. Then the rich man not only seated him at the table, but assisted him to the best there was at the feast. He chatted with him gaily, without hinting of the dark purpose for which the stranger at this strange feast had lain in wait so long. The repast over, the host presented his guest with a bag of silver coin, and bade him adieu with a wish for his future happiness. Was ever thief treated like that, and thus cheated of his intended prize?

"The years flew apace, and with them departed the *fu tsu* (riches) of the mandarin's abode. Through no fault of his he was now a poor man, and his many relatives, disappointed at losing what they had hoped might prove flattering legacies, turned disdainfully upon him. In the fulness of his grief he would fain have slept on the green hillside with his departed kindred, whose graves he had tended kindly.

"In the midst of his distress, however, when he was now too old to retrieve his shattered fortune, a stranger stopped before his door, but before entering he sent by a servant a gem of great value. Now, if exceedingly poor, the other had not forgotten his dignity, and seeing that the gem was very valuable, he sent back word that he could accept no present from an unknown donor. If the giver was some one whom he had ever known, he would gladly welcome him.

"Thereupon the stranger sent in word that the gentleman forthwith order a banquet, and that when the feast was spread for two, he should, with the rare politeness naturally his, invite the *gentleman on the roof beam to partake of refreshments*. Then the good man remembered, and at the banquet which followed he was told how his kind conduct had saved a sinner, and that now this person had returned, after many years, rich from the investments he had made of the bag of silver money given him. If the people wondered at the good fortune come to the wise mandarin, they all declared that he deserved it."

## CHAPTER X.

### SOME CHINESE CUSTOMS.

**F**INALLY the arrangements have been perfected for us to resume our journey, Tali, in the province of Yunnan, being now our objective point. We shall be able to make this portion of our trip partly by boat, and to finish by a nine days' overland tramp. We are assured that all along the way we shall meet hostile people; that we shall pass



PUNISHMENT OF THE BAMBOO.

through the very birthplace of the plague, and other equally fatal diseases; that obstacles of many kinds will constantly confront us, and we are advised to turn back. It is certainly unpleasant to contemplate such a prospect. Then we recall that we have been facing just such alarms ever since we left Wuchau. Pose has been pictured as the seat of disease, where no stranger could live a week! We have braved all these perils.



THE FRENCH CATHEDRAL IN CANTON.





real or imaginary, and are still alive and hearty, though tired of our cook. We have reason to believe the prospect ahead is worse, but that is no more than we expected. Pose is as healthful, so far as we see, as any town we have passed. But we are told that this is a healthful season — uncommonly so! Out in Chay-song, not far away, the people are dying at a rapid rate from a species of boils, a most painful and peculiar epidemic.

Go Mung, to our joy, willingly consents to keep on with us. Our cook, also, is led to consent by an increase in his wages; a boat is hired with a crew to take us as far as the stream can be followed, a two days' route; then six days of marching across a country beset by dangers, and too broken to be traversed with ease, will take us to Kwang-nan, in the province of Yunnan. So we part with our tin-chai with a light heart, and look for the last time on the temple and odd-looking houses, and yet more odd-appearing people, of Pose.

The boats used on these inland streams are mere canoes, covered with thatch, and almost identical with those plied on the rivers of Burma, except that they are broader and draw less water, so they may be better managed in the numerous rapids.

The country is now level, except for the numerous rounded knolls which rise abruptly from the plains, looking like huge haystacks. The hillsides are covered with a scrubby growth, which looks stunted and forlorn, until, coming down to better soil, the bamboo flourishes in all its glory, while along the river banks a stout, dense grass nods its feathery crests in the west breeze or droops under the midday sun. Suddenly the shining gravel and shingle shoals are exchanged for the rocky rapids, as the scene becomes more wild and rugged. Were it not for two features, the bamboo and the wide-hatted peasant seen on the bank, it would require no grievous strain of the imagination to feel that we were advancing up one of the New Zealand streams, closed in by precipitous hills, and frequently running sharp curves and twists in the foaming river which make us think we are suddenly coming to the end of navigation, even with our frail craft. We are now amid those serrated cliffs for which this country is noted, the sheer banks of the stream often rising 150 feet above the water, with red fronts that make them conspicuous for a long distance.

Signs of human life become more rare, until only at distant intervals are we rewarded by the sight of a raft moving with the current. One of these is well worth special mention. It contains but two persons, and both of these belong to the gentler sex. One, sitting at the stern with a long steering-pole in hand, is an aged woman, looking far from attractive. At the forward part of the simple craft stands a fairer person, — May with December. She is sixteen or seventeen years of age, has a perfect figure, graceful poise, and is by far the prettiest maid we have seen since



BOHEA HILLS, PROVINCE OF FO KIEN.

we started. Her oval face is set in a frame of dark hair, ornamented with silver bangles, while bracelets encircle her wrists, and anklets of the same glistening hue sparkle on the shapely ankles seen vividly in the white spray, which half conceals, and then, as if repenting of its jealousy, discloses their rare beauty. The raft is loaded with earthen pots holding their little store of rice, which they are taking to market hundreds of miles away. The glimpse of the pretty face is seen for a moment, a sweet voice rings out with the music of song, and then the craft is caught in the swirling eddies of the river, and the strangely mated occupants disappear around the bend, though the vision of womanly

grace and loveliness lingers in our mind, and the soft melody of the song, whose words we cannot understand, remains like the echoes of a silvery bell ringing out its magical notes over hillside and valley.

We notice a smile of disdain on the lips of Go Mung, and the boatmen nod their heads, one of them saying in a low, compassionate tone: "Poor savages!"

No Chinaman of one section of the empire has a high regard for the



SHORES OF THE SACRED ISLAND OF FOOTOO.

women of another, nor can they understand any freedom in the conduct of the sex contrary to their own perverted ideas of modesty.

The timber in this region has been nearly all cut off on the lowlands and the hillsides, though the mountains are still clothed in their evergreen forests. In every direction dark lines run over the landscape, which Go Mung assures us are the tracks of some fire blaze. Here and there are small hamlets scattered over the scene. At one place a joss-house, with an inscription on its portals made uncommonly bold by its crimson characters, stands under an arcade of bamboo-trees and maples, the

branches of the different growths interlacing with good effect. The houses are built mostly of bamboo, and are raised on bamboo posts, with verandas running the entire front length. The dark green background of the landscape is brightened in places by the red "fire-wood flower," affording a happy relief for what would otherwise be a monotonous picture. The river now narrows to less than two hundred feet, while for the thirty miles, since leaving Pose, we have ascended five hundred feet.

We cannot fail to notice the readiness and swift action with which the boatmen act. There is no lagging on their part, as with remarkable skill they row or track together, pole or lift bodily the boat at such places as they cannot follow the stream. Their favourite plan is to charge directly against each rapid as they approach, and, being dashed by the current over to the more placid side, then to unite in pulling the craft up against the stream.

But the time comes when we have to abandon these boats, to begin at last the stage of overland travel. Sedan-chairs are in use in the Yunnan district by every one who is of any account. To go on foot shows at once, to Chinese eyes, the low station of the traveller. Chinese have a great aversion to walking, even for a short distance. Thanks to the efforts of Go Mung, we soon secure assistants for the next stage in our journey, and, bidding farewell to the boatmen who have served us so well, we start with our new servitors. Though the means of travel are now more arduous than by water, we find ourselves brought into closer companionship with the inhabitants, and thus are pleased by the change. But we are made painfully aware of China's great weakness to an extent which we have not as yet stopped to realise.

In the matter of opening up the country by means of proper communications, the empire has been far behind the worst scheme of Spain. Small wonder the great nation, with its almost unlimited possibilities, has remained an unknown quantity under the condition of her ways of transit and the utter contempt of her officials for doing anything to improve them. In the first place, the government does not step in to bear the burden of keeping the roads in repair, or of even claiming to own them! The land remains the property of the individuals along each route, and they have to pay taxes on it as they do on the rest of their real estate



Government does compel them to yield land enough to make these highways, more properly speaking byways, and there it ends its care. Under these circumstances, it is not strange that, when a new road becomes a necessity, the landowner causes it to run along one of the borders of his boundaries, so that his neighbour shall be obliged to furnish one-half of the strip of territory required. It is easy to see from this custom that the road may make many sudden and most unexpected angles and curves, often going a long distance to get but a little way in order to satisfy the



COURT IN FRONT OF A PRIVATE RESIDENCE.

caprices of those who are forced to yield so much or so little for the public advantage, always losing sight of the fact that they themselves share in the common benefit. The way thus grudgingly afforded is narrow as well as crooked, seldom if ever being wide enough for two teams to pass each other without one driving out upon the cultivated field adjoining. To prevent this the farmer ents a ditch along the roadside, and the complication of matters grows worse.

When it comes to repairs the condition is fully as bad. There are no side strips to plough up and afford earth with which to fill the hollows and

gullies, for the tract allowed for the road was not wide enough for this. As the man who owns the road or section of road against his estate is expected to keep it mended, it naturally does not get its proper dues, but is suffered to wear and wash out. The roadway is soon lower than the adjoining land, and when the rains come it grows to be the natural channel for the surplus water. This eats down into its bed, and during the wet season the road is filled with running water. This impromptu



WHEELBARROW RIDING AT SHANGHAI.

floodway empties into some larger stream, the bed with each succeeding rainy season becomes deeper, until a river may open into it, and what was once a road becomes the course of one of the great waterways. This not infrequently happens. But if the degeneration of the highway does reach this extent, the old road is completely washed out, and a new one has to be contributed by another landholder. Thus the intercourse between villages near each other often becomes difficult, and it may be for months not only impracticable but impossible.

As there is no time when at some locality or another one of these difficulties is not liable to confront the traveller, the delays and difficulties of making a long journey may be imagined, but cannot be really understood until the person has attempted it.

In some localities the curiosity of the people is the cause of inconvenience and discomfort. A mob will often press around the place where a stranger is staying until the door is broken in and the foremost of the crowd falls head-first into the building. Another device for getting a glimpse of the foreigner is to wet the paper of the window, or to scratch

holes in the plastering of the walls. This is often carried to an extent which threatens the utter ruin of the partitions. We remember once having such a surging mass of people crowd against the building where we were stopping that they burst open the frail door. As the leaders fell at our feet we swiftly rose from our seat at the ancient table, and giving them a sharp command to get out, the crowd took to their heels. At least that portion nearest the door did, and in their frantic retreat they ran headlong over the rear portion, so that in less time than it has taken us to describe it there was a howling, kicking, struggling, frightened medley of Chinamen outside. Those who stood far enough away to escape the onset laughed heartily at the discomfiture of their companions, and soon goodnature was restored, and we were left alone.

The Chinese language is noted for its poetical expressions, and from that of the lowest subject to that of the emperor, each name has some individual signification; the designations, also, of China's cities and physical divisions, of her rivers and mountains, her valleys and plains, are rendered more impressive by some meaning that is half concealed but full of poetry. But the happy signification of the Chinese names disappears when we come to the country villages, and our bright opinions are clouded by the haphazard, elusive, delusive, and mysterious methods used to designate these hamlets. There is neither system, beauty, uniformity, perspicuity, nor poetry. It may be that the multiplicity of the subjects was too much for the non-inventive faculty of John, or it may be he had too many famous or infamous cousins to remember, for hamlet after hamlet bears the surname of some person. Unfortunately, too, there seem to be as many Chang-Wangs, or Wang-Changs, as there are Smiths, Jones, and Robinsons in the American nomenclature. Again, these self-same centres of celestial inhabitants are liable to have half a dozen names, and these subject to change from generation to generation. There is yet another cause for confusion in naming the public places of trade along the main thoroughfares, which are often designated after this manner: "Two-li Shop," "Five-li Shop," "Ten-li Shop," "Twenty-li Shop," and so on. This appears very appropriate at first and easy to find; but upon investigation it is learned that the shops on every road running from a certain starting-point are given similar designations, and it becomes confusing to the newcomer. This is still further complicated by the fact that the adjoining



village has a network of so-called trade-houses named in the same manner. This is repeated over and again, until the traveller looks upon them with dismay, and resolves to end all inquiries.

In the Yu-sang district it was our fortune to find scattered along our route in regular order such an array of names as the following: "Red Dog



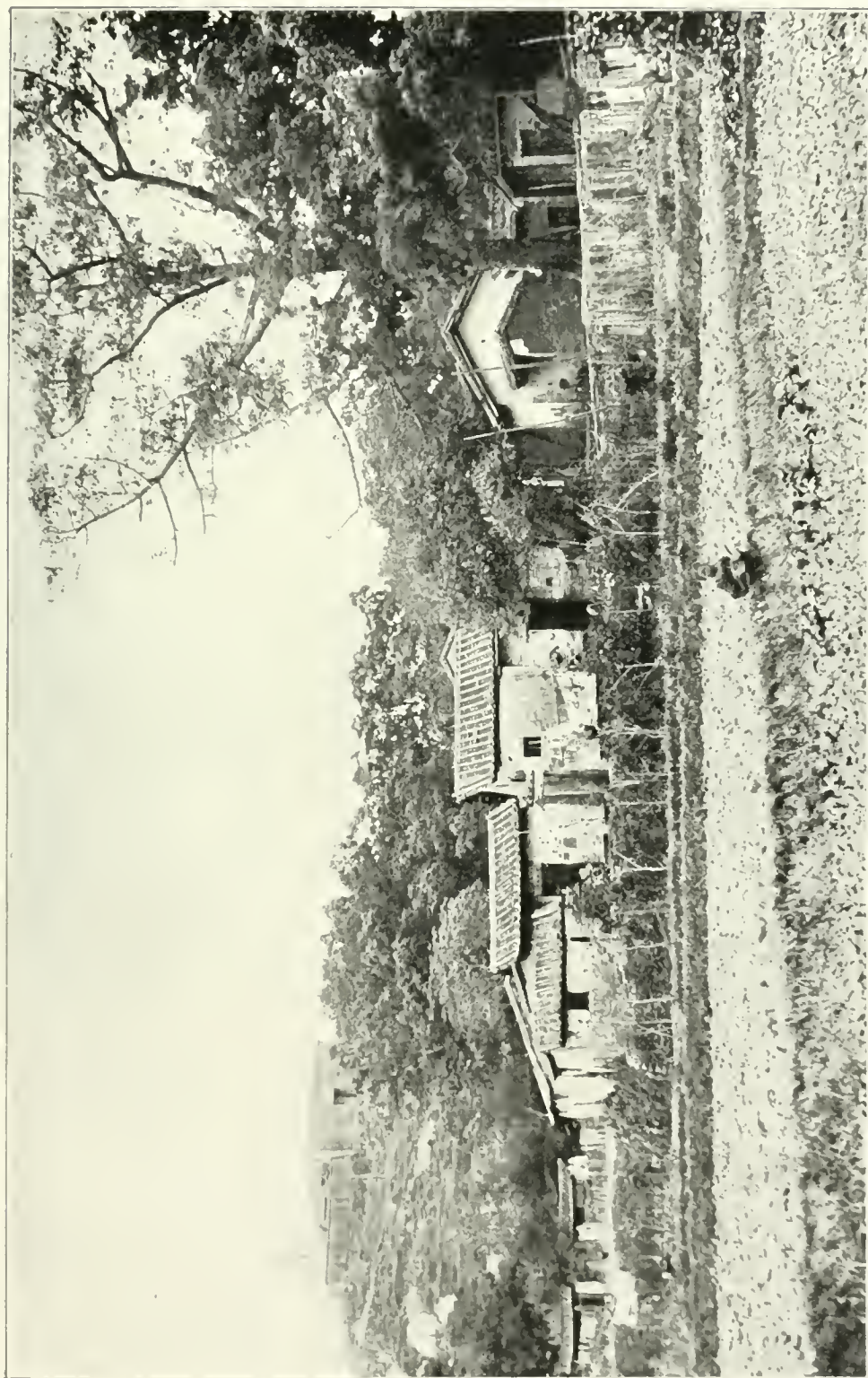
BLIND FORTUNE-TELLER.

Village;" "Broken Tooth Village," from the fact that a prominent man there once broke one of his front teeth; "Village under the River," from an account of a great freshet at one time; "Man with the Iron Hand Village," "Talking Horse Village," from a tradition of a horse that talked; "Boy in River Village," from the fact of a boy once falling into the river there; the more disreputable designation of "Man with a Black Eye Village," where it

is said there once lived a big bully who got the worst of it in a fight and received a black eye; "Lost House Village," where a dwelling once slipped from its precarious perch on the river-bank into the stream and floated away, and other names quite as odd and ridiculous almost without number.

As might be expected from their superstitious natures, the Chinese are





FARMHOUSES, CANTON.



firm believers in the potency of charms. This belief is shared by the Shans of Southern Yunnan, where all kinds of amulets are worn by the people to ward off real or imaginary dangers and diseases. We were offered the horn of a female deer as a guarantee that we should be able to make our journey with greater ease and rapidity, and the person who proposed the trade seemed very much surprised at our refusal. Time and again we were offered charms that would protect our life against all dangers, and finally, acknowledging a doubt of the invulnerability of the



STREET CONJURING PERFORMANCE, SHANGHAI.

talisman, we agreed to buy one if we could see it tested. As an experiment, we suggested that the owner jump from a high cliff near by, depending upon his talisman to save his life. The man quickly left, though we offered to pay his funeral expenses if his talisman failed to do its duty.

Speaking of a funeral, we witnessed one of these odd features of Chinese life to-day, as we passed one of the numerous hamlets along our route. In front of the train of mourners is borne a sedan-chair made of a bamboo frame covered with paper, paper banners, which denote that the deceased was a man of consequence, flamuting alongside. Next come two couples



scattering money made of paper, paper houses, and figures, some of which are of a pattern too grotesque to describe. Just behind these comes the most striking feature of the procession, a horse of life-size, bridled and saddled in readiness for its rider, while a groom walks beside leading the animal by the bit, both man and beast made so realistically from stout paper on a framework of bamboo that we have to look the second time before we think it other than actual. On occasions like this, we are informed by Go Mung, it is the custom to make paper effigies of whatever the deceased loved most about his house, the practice being to offer whatever may be deemed necessary for the well-being of the dead in the life to come. It is interesting to note that, however extravagant these offerings may sometimes seem, they are burned at the closing of the ceremony, with the exception of the edibles, which are saved for the feast to follow.

The Chinaman who has not been contaminated by foreign influences considers the most important act of his life to be that of preparing for this ceremony which is to follow the breaking of the thread that is to send him into the life unknown. To live pretty comfortably, according to his simple ideas, possess fairly good health, die with becoming dignity, and be buried with appropriate display, comprise the principal aims and objects of existence on earth. He may live in a dwelling of the poorest construction and made of the vilest material, but his coffin must be the best that can be procured with the means at command. Often this needed article is bought at some time when the purchaser hopes his death to be still far distant. Thus the rich man will pay his thousand dollars for a casket, while the poor man will do even more, — give his all for one; and cases are not uncommon where a son has sold himself into slavery that he might obtain a coffin as good as he wished for the clay of his father.

Scarcely has the breath left the body before a friend of the deceased rushes to the house-top, and looking into the north lifts the skirts of his coat, and holding them in the air cries three times the name of the dead. Turning to the south, he folds the garment slowly up, and, descending with measured steps, places the garment over the face of the dead, where it is allowed to remain under the belief that it will restore life to the inanimate form if such be the pleasure of the great ruler of life and death. Meanwhile an altar has been built in one room of the house, around which the bereaved ones gather to mourn their loss. Garments of mourning are



made in white, and about these robes and hoods are worn girdles of hemp.

Believing that the deceased will need food on his long journey into spirit-land, corn and rice are placed in his mouth, and sometimes silver and gold. On the day of the funeral cooked provision is placed beside the coffin. As in the

procession we noticed, a man leads the way, scattering paper money as a peace-offering to the spirits that may be about. Effigies of men, women, elephants, and tigers are often borne in the procession, the object of these being to drive away evil spirits, or to give honour to the dead. This custom comes from the religion of Buddha. The grave, whose site is selected with great care, is made deep and on as "sightly" an eminence as possible, where the



GRAVES NEAR NINGPO.

sleeper may be supposed to be gazing upon some beautiful landscape, while the spot itself may be dry and retired. The grave always looks down-hill, except in rare cases. The mounds are of truncated shape, and the stones are inscribed with proper inscriptions. Lime is strewn freely over the earth used to fill the opening, while crackers are fired, prayers solemnly mumbled, and paper models burned as offerings.

If the dead belonged to the better class, banners and devices illustrating the rank of his family are carried in the funeral train. Altogether it is an affair in which neither expense nor effort is considered, so that many a rich man has made himself poor in order to bury his father properly, and a larger percentage of the poor have been stricken with poverty from the expense of interring a friend or relative.

Go Mung told us to-day some pretty conceits of these people in regard to the rainbow, which is called "the spirit bridge to heaven." Happy indeed is he whose spirit takes its flight while the beautiful arch spans earth and heaven. He tells a story of how a mouse, which dearly loved its master while he was on earth, climbed into heaven when the latter died, by means of a rainbow, and gnawed at the door of the Celestial Home until its master was freed from his prison and his soul returned to its body here.

The rainbow is held in high veneration all over the Far East, as it is in many other parts of the globe. If the Greenlander and Slavonian look upon it as the road of souls, so the Shans and Chinese name it the spirit way; if the peasant of Ukraine sees the angels descend by it to obtain water from the earth to refill the great reservoir of heaven, so as to afford them the dews and the showers, so does the husbandman of Japan behold in it that unfailing sign by which he knows the earth will be blessed with copious rains; if in it the Samoyedes behold the border of the "garment of the supreme being," the Caribs the basket of their god Joulouka, so does the Kamschatkan see his god Bilouca, so does the Samoan recognise in it his god of war Pava, and its glistening arch his bow; if the ancient Inca looked upon it as one of the servants of the sun, and reserved for it a niche in his temple at Quito, the Tahitian considers it to be one of the children of his god Taaroa; if in Austria-Hungary it is known as the bridge by which St. Elias descends from heaven, the thunder being the roll of his chariot wheels, and if the peasant of Russia knows it as the "inclined bridge," New Zealanders regard it as a ladder by which their chiefs climb to the sky, and certain tribes of the Philippines look upon it as a stairway by which the souls of those who die violent deaths may reach heaven.



METHODIST MISSION SCHOOL AT KINKIANG.

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE HIGHLANDS OF CHINA.

THE province of Yunnan comprises mainly an uneven highland, from which rise several mountain ranges, whose most lofty peaks reach a height above the line of perpetual snow. Between the lofty barriers are deep ravines, whose bottoms afford the beds for some of the big rivers of this country, the Mekong, or Cambodia, the Salween, and Shweli. In the interior, particularly in the vicinity of the capital of the province, are several lakes of considerable size. There are also large, productive plains, rich valleys, and sunny slopes teeming with good crops.

The carrying of the country is done largely by caravans drawn by mules or horses, generally the former, which are exceedingly sagacious in picking their way over the uneven pathways. Decked out in head-gear of red braid, with bright-coloured plumes waving above the shoulders, while blue beads decorate the harness at every available place, they make a picturesque appearance, and the gentle symphony of tiny bells lends an alpine air to the picture. The rate paid for transportation is fifty cents a day for each animal.



The scenery here reminds us of Switzerland, the villages clustering under the hillsides, the rivers rushing noisily along their rocky channels, while above the harmonious sounds of nature, tinkling musically on the scene, fall the notes of the soft-toned bells of the mules and horses belonging to the caravans.

Presently this charming situation is exchanged for the barrenness and



WELLINGTON STREET, HONG-KONG.

dark dreariness of the "black country." This is in the region of great forest fires, whose work of desolation has reached to the Eden-like valley of Kweichau, an earthly paradise where beauty reigns supreme and an abundant harvest is the reward of labour.

Above Kweichau, with the south of Yunnan territory two weeks' journeying to our left, hamlets and villages scattered along the pretty stream of this valley repeat the features seen on the West River. We see again the windings of the tortuous river, the shingle shoals, the rocky walls,



narrowing the stream to half its greatest width, the rapids, the foaming waters, the high-walled gorges; anon the forest creeping closely down upon the river's banks, the network of delicate foliage such as is seldom seen in a semi-tropical country, the deep green of cultivated meadows lending to the wild mountain scene a home-like air amidst an isolation that is sublime. The loneliness of the region is increased by the decay and devastation lingering over the towns and villages, which show upon the grandeur of an ancient greatness the ruins of war-like raids made by hostile armies. The ruin may have been the result of the rebellions of the Mussulmen, or the uprisings of roving clans of warriors, or both. Be that as it may, the evidence of what they cost the inhabitants is here; the outlying walls bear ample proof of severe battering, many of the temples are broken down, while the yamens of the mandarins are wrecks of their former beauty, and a vast number of homes are laid in waste.

We are pleased by the greater freedom allowed the women of this region, who come boldly forward to greet us, instead of skulking behind some obstacle in the distance. They are not plain by any means; many of them, on the contrary, are really pretty. They have brown hair, which, with the majority, is gathered at the back of the head and brought in a single plait over the forehead. Dark blue turbans are bound over this wealth of cranial adornment. They wear large earrings of gold or silver, while close-fitting jackets are held at the neck by large silver buttons, a row of these bright fastenings running down over the right breast. Petticoats, reaching from the waist to a little below the knees, are looped up in front so as to disclose gray trousers worn underneath. Tradition says they wear no underclothes. The sombreness of this attire is relieved by the bright buttons mentioned, and by gay-coloured or white borders around the sleeves and at the bottom of the jacket. The most of them are barefooted, though in some instances the feet are covered with rough stockings and ill-fitting shoes. As a rule, particularly among the younger women, they are good-natured, light-hearted, and buxom.

One of the uncomfortable features of this country is the *ma-tien*, or stable inn, a one-roofed, shed-like structure spread over a large area, in which guests, baggage, and animals constituting the caravan are stowed away. Climbing a bamboo ladder, we gain our bedchamber, which is simply a loft in the barn, where the fumes and smoke of the lower floor,

with its dumb guests, send up their bountiful supply of odours. We sleep upon mats which we dare not inspect for fear of arousing the army of insects and vermin we know only too well are lurking there, while overhead in this cramped apartment dingy rafters are within reach of our arms.

We eat our breakfast from small tables set upon low stools, while we sit, watched by a throng of curious natives, on low benches or trestles,



BOOM ACROSS PEARL RIVER, BELOW CANTON.

similar to those holding up the beds. Among our observers we see several pretty girls, with light skins, regular features, and piquant ways. Following our gaze, Go Mung, evidently wishing to make our stay as pleasant as possible, points out one of the prettiest maids dressed in white, whose demeanour is a singular combination of coyness and curiosity. He then begins a tale of chivalrous adventure, in which she figures as heroine, against a band of inland pirates overrunning the country a short time before. Learning of one of their intended raids against a neighbouring



A MANDARIN'S HOUSE, CANTON.



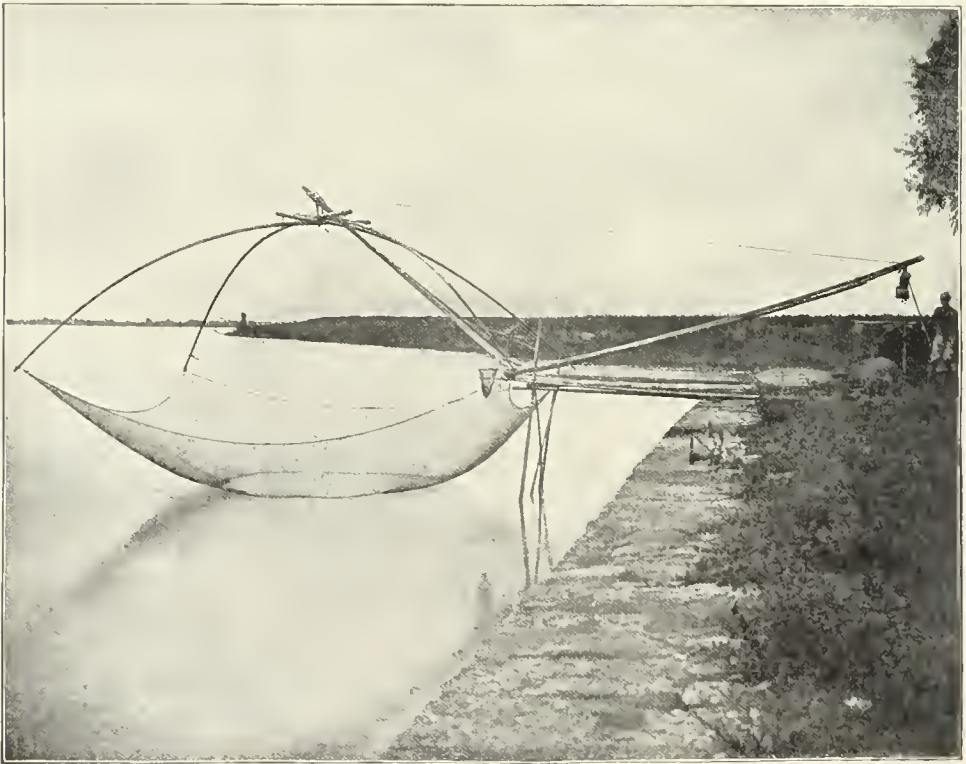


hamlet, through one of its young men who had fallen desperately in love with her, she resolved to save the town, even if she lost her lover by it. Thus, without saying a word to any one, she managed to catch one of the half-wild ponies roaming near by, and, putting a halter on his head, sprang upon his bare back, to be borne swiftly away upon her merciful errand.

But it quickly proved to be a dangerous mission. She had not gone far before she found her path beset by three of the marauders who had started to join their companions. Urging her wild steed forward, she rode over the trio, and, with their loud cries of vengeance ringing in her ears, sped on. Although she had escaped the men, she was startled to find that the halter had either broken or slipped from the head of the pony, and she was now borne on at the mercy of its own frenzied mood. To add to her discomfiture, night was fast setting in, with a storm about to break upon the earth with such fury as the tempests of these plains know so well. But she did not become frightened and throw herself from her steed, which would have ended her life. She retained a firm seat, and resolved to make the pony perform his part of the work she had chosen to do. If it offered to veer from the proper course, she would immediately reach out a hand to cover the eye on that side, and thus she kept the creature sweeping ahead at the top of its speed in the direction she wished to go. Notwithstanding the breakneck pace at which it flew along, darkness and storm set in before she had reached her destination, and she found herself at the most hazardous place of her risky ride. The pathway here crossed a turbulent stream, which from the sound of its rushing water she knew was uncommonly high, by means of an old shaky bridge that had long been unsafe. What if it were gone—swept away by the swollen stream? These thoughts flew very rapidly through her mind, as she rode down to its edge, and the next moment felt it quiver and sink beneath the pony's hoofstrokes. But the span was short, and she was beginning to think it would be passed in safety, when suddenly the pony was struggling in the river and she was flung over its head into the space beyond. Fortunately, she fell upon the soft ground at the edge of the water, and, suffering no more serious effect than some severe bruises, she scrambled to her feet in a moment. After a vain search for her pony, which she feared was drowned in the furious stream, she resumed her

journey on foot. As she was then near her destination, she reached the imperilled town in season to warn its inhabitants, while she was thankfully praised for her heroic endeavours.

We thank Go Mung for his stirring tale, which serves a good purpose in drawing our attention, to a certain extent, from our miserable breakfast, and, with a last look at the heroine of these strange people, we resume our journey, soon after entering a forest of fir-trees, with high



SQUARE DROP NET WITH BAMBOO FRAME.

ranges of mountains in the background. Farther on we are shown by Go Mung the ruined bridge, where the maid in white rode at the risk of her life, and that is the last we hear of her.

A little farther along we see one of the prettiest sights of the entire route, consisting of a series of waterfalls no less than a dozen in number, one tumbling into the arms of the next in a pretty confusion of misty waters and arches of spray, the combined distance of the list making a grand fall of 150 feet. Added to this sparkling overflow of silvery

water is the offering of a volume of nearly the same size from a subterranean source, which bursts from its inner fountain in a spiral curve with all the colours of the rainbow. We reluctantly turn from this happy scene, and a short distance above cross the stream on a trembling bamboo bridge weighted by stone gabions.

Among the native tribes we notice some that wear horns on their turbans, while others have queues or pigtails hanging down between the shoulders. Soon after we meet with the Hwa Miao tribe, where every one seems especially fond of flowers. This is another people where the women are accorded greater privileges than are seen nearer the coast. They dress quite becomingly in blue jackets, skirts, and aprons, with white leggings.

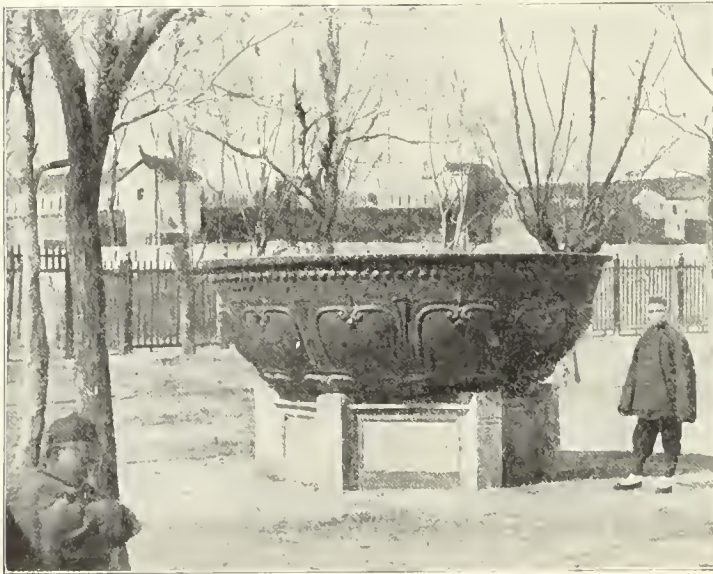
Go Mung tells us of the singular custom still prevailing here with these people, which is called by them *convade*, when the husband takes to his bed and remains there six weeks, his wife during the time working in the field. This practice is intended to make more even the trials of the sexes, and exemplifies the couplet of Hudibras which says:

“Chinese goe to bed  
And lie in their ladies’ stead.”

We have spoken of Yunnan country as being a broken territory, and everywhere we see the truth of this. Hills from five hundred to one thousand feet in height rise on every hand, nearly all presenting volcanic appearance. These cone-like hills are black, barren, and desolate, with singular markings in red where the clay of that colour has washed down the sides in streaks. The water here, as it is almost everywhere in China, is far from being a wholesome draught. The peasantry drink tea universally, while in the provinces of Kwangsi and Kwangtung they drink hot water. Water is seldom drunk in China unless it has been boiled or distilled.

As we pass through the villages, curious people seek every way to get a glimpse of us, some by perching themselves amid the branches of convenient trees, and others from behind bushes and buildings. The hill-people are inclined to warlike ways, and the emperor has never been able to harmonise this turbulent element with his ideas of government, so he has contented himself by letting them severely alone.

We reach the plain of Mentzu after a tedious march across five miles of sterile country. This level tract is bounded on the south by a mountain range rising some two thousand feet abruptly above the plain. Most of the house roofs in this region are flat, the walls being generally of limestone rubble, laid in cement, with alternate rows pointing in opposite directions. The doors are made mostly of poles lashed together. The flat roofs are terraced with a coarse substance laid on without any attempt at evenness. This district is noted for its linked lakes, separated by narrow ridges of barren earth raised into the dreary mounds so common in this



CAST-IRON TOP OF FORMER PORCELAIN PAGODA, NANKIN.

country. Though so sterile, it might be made more fertile by inundation, the locality being well adapted for irrigation. This whole region was once known as Chrysê, or the "Golden Land," to the inhabitants of ancient India. Where the gold came

from, and whither it has fled, remains the mystery, though Yunnan has rich deposits of minerals in some parts.

Wherever one goes, one finds that the Chinese either have or persist in claiming to have the densest ignorance in regard to the geography of the country, the ways of getting through the empire, and the people one is likely to meet. This becomes one of the worst features of Chinese travel. As remote as this country is from the sea-coast, the Cantonese traders penetrate here on their business trips, walking much of the way with their packs on their backs, often along mere paths winding over mountainous regions and through wide stretches of unproductive country. Every year some four or five hundred of the adventurous peddlers, bound together as



a sort of secret brotherhood, going in parties of from half a dozen to a score, cover every part of the provinces of Yunnan and North Tonquin. Some of them work northward into the valley of the Yangtse Kiang, and others as far south as Burma. They carry such articles as we should style Yankee notions. — needles, pens, paper, matches, small hand-mirrors, etc., always going on foot and often carrying their pack-loads for hundreds of miles. It is said some of these trips prove very profitable, while others



ITINERANT RESTAURANT.

turn out most unsatisfactory to the adventurous peddler. Each party has a leader, or head-man, who lays all the plans and looks after the welfare of the men under him. He is often the principal owner of the goods. One consideration which induces them to follow this course is their escape from paying the duties they would otherwise have to meet on their merchandise.

We often meet a market-woman struggling along to some place of trade, perhaps twenty miles away, loaded down with rice, eggs, poultry, baskets

of firewood, and great coils of grass rope. Now and then we see some poor peasant staggering under a load of fagots eight feet in length by half that in width, packed in a wooden frame, and held in place by stout thongs of hide, with strips of the same material passing over the shoulders and binding this enormous load of nearly half a cord in measurement in position. Again we meet long caravans of mules, horses, or oxen, laden



VIEW NEAR NANKIN.

with packs of salt. One day we saw as many as a hundred oxen all loaded thus, and moving at a snail's pace.

A peculiar feature of South Yunnan is the *pai-fang*, or stone portal, erected in honour of political position, old age, or widowhood, which seem to share the same grade of distinction. But we notice that the last is most common, judging by the number of *pai-fangs*. Gaudy colours prevail everywhere in China, often spoiling, according to Occidental ideas of harmony and beauty, what would be otherwise a pretty picture.

Now we reach the Yuan-chiang plain, where we see pines of several

kinds, some of the largest being six feet in girth. The foliage is of a deep green, very thick and beautiful, with graceful curves to many of the branches which remind us of the trained trees in the gardens of Japan. The Yuan-Kiang valley, the Sang-ka or Red River of the French, is gained after a tedious descent. High mountain ranges shut it in, the slopes of the uplands are terraced by flat-roofed cottages, placed in settings of dark green woods, while profusions of roses and white azalias grow to the edge of rocks and cliffs, making them look like huge flowering tables and walls. The Yuan is the noblest of Yunnan's great rivers.

We are now in the track of the learned Garnier and his intrepid companions, who made such a resolute attempt to explore this region for the benefit of the French in 1867. There were five of these pathfinders. The tomb of one, De Lagree, the leader, we see at Saignon. Two others of this little band fell by the way, one of these the noble-hearted and educated Garnier, while the fourth, Le Carne, died soon after he reached home, from injuries received on the journey. After reaching Saignon, under the shadow of the loss of their beloved leader, the others pushed on into the valley of the Yangtse Kiang, where we hope to go. They were two years—long and tedious years—on the trip. At that time the French were doing their best to secure the best route through the country, and boasted that they had succeeded, though succeeding events have failed to meet their sanguine expectations. It should be added, perhaps, that Garnier's expedition was made during the reign of a bloody civil war, when a fearful pestilential disease was ravaging Yunnan, while they were here during the rainy season.

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE LAND OF THE "GOLDEN TEETH."

THE river Yuan where we cross it at Yuan-Kiang is really impassable for canoes down as far as Manhao, the stream passing almost constantly between high hills, and often under lofty cliffs, where the current is very rapid, having an average descent of twenty feet to the mile. The district has an unfavourable reputation for miasma, so that travellers abandon their canoes at Manhao, and push on overland to Mentse, Linan, and northward to Yunnan City, if that be their destination. Our course is westerly through Taling, and then more southerly to the river Li-hien, or, as it is known in the province of Tongking, Sang-bo, which means Black River. This stream eventually becomes a tributary of the Sang-ka, or Red River, already mentioned. The Li-hien has its course about midway between the Yuan-Kiang and the Mekong River to the west, which is larger in its volume than both of the others. In the next valley, on the west, the broad Salween flows sluggishly down into British Burma, finally to render over its treasures to the Bay of Bengal. The Mekong, though separated for a long distance from the other by a narrow background of earth and rock, flows through the French territory of Siam, or Cochin China, and empties into the Sea of China.

This recalls the bitter lesson that China learned in breaking faith with Great Britain, and ceding to the French Tongking, after which she made reparation by giving to the English the rich Shan state on the south of Yunnan. The Salween runs through the heart of this district from the extreme north to the ferry of Kum-lung, where the Mandalay railroad, nearing completion, connects Rangoon and the Bay of Bengal with the valley of China's great river at a point navigable for big steamers. It is sixty miles air line from Kum-lung to the Yunnan frontier. This district is believed to abound in gold and silver, but it has not been explored sufficiently to warrant this statement. Once the iron horse penetrates these provinces, as he is surely destined to do at no very distant day,





A PRIVATE GARDEN, CANTON.



and the barriers of the wilderness which separates this region remote from the seashore, and the shackles of a people too long bound in superstition, will be broken. Whatever of wealth Yunnan possesses will then be found, and, what will be of greater importance, the ancient empire will be crossed by a line of direct and easy communication from the mountains and plains to the sea.

As we move slowly along we are attracted by the bright-coloured foliage on every hand. Roses, dazzling azaleas, and a sort of large pink



SCENE NEAR SHANGHAI

of a deep red are common, while among the woods we are gladdened by the sight of several varieties of pines, ash, and birch, the last especially shapely and happy in their colouring.

Upon reaching the Li-hien River, we head northward toward Talifu, situated on the shore of a lake by the same name. In doing this we leave the walled town of Puerh a few miles below us. We are told that it has few attractions, having been laid in waste not long since by one of the frequent civil wars that have been such a curse to this country. An interesting region lies to the west; Burma is on the south. A hundred

miles, or such a matter, on the southeast is the tea-growing district, whence comes the noted Puerh tea. We have not failed to notice that no poppy has been seen since leaving the hills on the north bank of the Yuan-Kiang. The iron trade is carried on in this region to a considerable extent, while copper comes from Yunnan and lac from the Shan country. Tea and cotton, however, are the main products of this district.

We frequently meet with men wearing the dark blue turban of the Mussulman, while the sturdy physique, the flashing black eye, the straight nose, and haughty, defiant, independent demeanour afford a marked con-



WATER COOLIE, SHANGHAI.

trast to the oblique eye, the sallow countenance, the slender, emaciated figure, and the cringing air of the Chinese. An evidence of the former greatness of this country's inhabitants is furnished by the ruins of noble stone bridges and mighty causeways. But if a powerful people once lived here, they left a fallen race incapable of keeping in repair the proud structures that they built. Everywhere in Yunnan falls the shadow of a greatness long since departed. This is shown in another way by the few priests to be seen at the numerous temples scattered over the province, where only periodical visits are made by the canonical fathers.

The people are kind and hospitable. The women, who are especially attractive, wear a striking headdress, a sort of tiara of silver bound about



the head under a conical crowned turban. They are a musical people, and, although unable to read and write, they speak with pride of their ancestors who were masters of the arts.

Well-cultivated and fertile fields are seen, bordered at places by bamboo growth, its light green set off with good effect by the dark foliage of the pines on the hillsides. Beyond these rise the majestic mountains whose purple slopes deepen into black toward their summits.

We soon find a different people, whose men wear enormous bamboo hats with rims two feet in width, while their waists are girdled by bright-coloured sashes, from which protrude the handles of stont knives of the Burmese pattern, called *dhas*. These men, who ride fine horses with grace and distinguished skill, carry conspicuously that peculiar article of common use, the mandoline, which is capable of being utilised as a pipe for smoking opium, a fan to cool the heated brow, and an umbrella to protect the bearer from sun and rain.

Presently the river passes through a most picturesque region, along a channel smooth and wide, where the shallow water glides with a soft murmur, or between high cliffs of rock, its course narrowed to one-fourth its natural width, the foaming waters driven headlong down long series of cataracts, tumbling furiously on the jagged rocks, gasps for breath a moment, whirls around as if to get its bearings, then plunges down another rocky stair, recovers itself as before, and repeats its mad dash for freedom over and over, until finally, churned into foam and mist, it reaches a still pool in some secluded spot, where it smooths itself into sleep, before running the gauntlet of another race-course of falls. The roar of the stream suggests, in places, the noise of angry beasts clamouring for something to devour, and then all this wild tumult gradually dies away, and the silence of the primeval forest drops on the scene. The dark pines afford a cooling shade at the hottest noonday, while in the distance the mountains thrust their silver tips into the clear sky. Our way winds now close to the bank of this beautiful stream, or anon over a spur of the hills beyond sight and sound of the capricious companion we have learned to like so well, and whose endless song, if strained at times, has become welcome music in our ears.

The flora of this region is especially rich, roses, pink and white camelias, rhododendrons, wild raspberries, and strawberries being seen

on every hillside, while firs of several varieties, the cypress-trees, numerous kinds of cactus, a kind of palm known as the "fairy," and the round-



CHINESE WOMAN WITH BOUND FEET.

topped or "genii fists" make up the border to the forests on the uplands. We see to-day in full blossom the orange flower, which measures a foot and a half in length and six inches in width, a beautiful object.

This region is peopled by a race called Lolos, many of whom live in large, two-storied houses, with elaborate carvings over the door, with eaves having fantastic paintings on the plastering and with mouldings done in fancy work. But the attractiveness of all this artistic ornamentation is diminished by the corroding touch of time,

which is laid everywhere in this land on the work of man.

Before we have reached this romantic region, Go Mung has awakened our interest by tales of a fair Lolo maiden, who delights to escort parties of strangers through that part of the province. She is pictured by his

graphic tongue as being very beautiful, but capricious, having the habit of "dropping one of her petticoats when anything displeases her." Just what this last means we are still in ignorance, as the Talebearer either could not or would not tell us, and the bewitching maid was either in ignorance of our coming or was too coy to seek us. We did not see any one that could possibly fill the place glowingly pictured by Go Mung. The Lolo women love to deck themselves out in silver ornaments. Among them we noticed one, who had small claim to be the belle of the village, according to our judgment, but who wore finger rings of enormous size, bracelets of great width and weight, earrings of massive pattern, and about her forehead a wide band wrought in silver, and yet another pendent from her hair.

Another stage of our journey takes us into a wild, broken region, where the population is sparse and the inhabitants poor, living mainly on maize, the only crop that can be raised successfully, though other cereals are cultivated more or less. Here are mountains of perpetual snow, the peaks of a long range rising to fifteen hundred feet and upwards. From the summit of one of the lesser mountains one looks down on a vast sea of uplands, the range after range of high ridges, all trending north and south, having the appearance of huge billows sweeping in, one after another, from the hazy horizon on the east, the ocean of space.

This part of Yunman really belongs to the extensive plateau of Tibet, and was at one time a kingdom of itself, with Tali for its capital. Later this has been the battle-ground between the Mohammedans and the Chinese, and the burial-place is still pointed out near the town where many of the latter race sleep for all eternity by the side of their hated enemies. Some of the stones placed to mark the graves of these soldiers are now being used in building the fences of adjoining fields. So quickly do men forget even those who fought for them. The slabs are of marble, and some bear inscriptions in Mohammedan characters.

Tali has been an important city in the troublesome times not so very long since passed, and it has a checkered history. To-day it is one of the largest centres for trade in the province. It has one building which is unequalled in this country. This is the college building, which was erected by a man who was both feared and hated by the people. His name was Yang-yu-ko, and he was at the time military governor of

Western Yunnan, but he was more unfavourably known as the "Chinese Bluebeard." It was his ambition to secure the independence of the province and place himself at its head. As his headquarters he built the fine structure mentioned, with the peasants and coolies compelled to work for him at a mere pittance. His infamous nickname he won from his inordinate propensity to create a harem which should outrival that of Solomon, and so far and wide did he carry this intention that not a woman in the province dared to consider herself safe from him. Complaint was



NANKIN UNIVERSITY.

finally made to the government, and in the midst of his high-handed rule he was recalled. Thinking it was better to yield than to rise in revolt before he was prepared to do so, he went peacefully to Peking, and the inhabitants of the west country, very much to their relief, saw him no more. His fine palace he gave to the college, and he donated a certain sum toward its maintenance, hoping thus to assuage the hatred he had aroused against himself. The grand structure was built after the Chinese plan of public buildings, with yamens, paved courts, and a garden. The carvings and ornaments on the doors alone must have cost a princely sum.



Tali was for many years noted for its fairs, to which a large crowd came annually from far and near. An important feature of the occasion were the Burmese pedlers. The grounds are the grades of the Tali Hills on the west of the town. Near the entrance, bespeaking their present prestige as well as being relics of former power, stand Mohammedan minarets. These are built square, and there are several of them. One standing inside a small fort on the old battle-field is encircled by cornices which decrease in size as they rise, giving the appearance of a gradual tapering from the base up. These fairs are losing their former attractions year by year.

If the centre of considerable trade, Tali has no big shops, nor does it show any particular commercial bustle. The main street is of creditable width and cleanliness, considering that it is in a country noted for the filthy habits of the inhabitants. A marble quarry near by affords the most profitable industry. Nearly everything is of Chinese make.

This is the land of "Golden Teeth," spoken of by Marco Polo. The name came probably from the habit of the people of chewing betel and lime, which gives the teeth and gums a yellowish hue, mistaken by the great explorer for a foil of gold wrapped over the first. This practice of chewing betel with lime is common with the Burmese and the inhabitants of the Shan country, as well as with those of West Yunnan.

The temperature of this vicinity is one of remarkable equality, there being but little variation on account of the protection afforded the valley from the disagreeable winds of the country to the west by the mountains. As many as three crops are harvested here from the same land, — first a crop of poppy, which is followed by one of wheat, and that by rice.

On the whole, Yunnan does not offer very flattering prospects. In the north the population is scattering and in poor circumstances, which indicates that the physical features of the country are not the best. Western Yunnan is more favoured in its natural bounties, but even here the promise is not high. There is some mineral wealth stored here, but the Chinese have never tried to develop the mines. In the south the wet season continues from the last of May to the middle of September, but the fall of rain is not heavy. Except where broken by the mountains, a steady breeze sweeps over the country through the dry period, and the temperature is comfortable and invigorating.

What we have said of the population along our route we judge applies to the whole, with but slight modifications. Except in the cities, where the Chinese predominate, the aboriginal races, distinct from one another, prevail as the ruling people. These are better-looking, have stronger physiques, do not crush their feet, wear more picturesque clothing, and are more friendly to the foreigners than the Chinese. But owing to the lack of trade, which is explained by the lack of proper means of transportation,



BARBER AND MASSEUR IN TEMPLE GROUNDS.

they are mainly poor. Another cause of this general poverty has been explained as arising from the numerous rebellions among the people, and the raids into the country by stronger tribes. The products of the plains are rice, maize, peas, beans, sugar, poppy, and tobacco plants. A large percentage of the cultivated land is seeded to poppy, the most of which is sent out of the province. Sometimes two crops of this plant are raised on the same piece of ground, but more often the first crop is followed by a crop of peas. Such European fruits as apples, pears, plums, and peaches



AN EXECUTION AT CANTON.





are found growing fairly well, while prominent among the flora are the roses, rhododendrons, and pink and white camellias.

It has taken us over seventy days to get from Canton to Tali, forty of these having been made by boats, and thirty-two by travel in sedan-chairs and on foot. But the prospect for better ways of penetrating this country are already planned, and the day is not far distant when this great overland journey will be accomplished, perhaps, in as many hours as it has taken us days. A railroad has been proposed to run from Pak-hoi, on the



MONUMENT TO A WOMAN ONE HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

shore of the Gulf of Tongking, to connect with Naning, and from that city along almost the route we have followed to Po-se, at the headwaters of West River. There will be a short branch of this road built to connect with the road already in operation between the capital of the province of Tongking and Ling-chai on the southwest border of Kwangsi. There is now being built another railroad from the heart of Tongking to Yunnan city, capital of the province. Another railroad is proposed from Siam to Yunnan City, passing through Puerho and across our path. Still another is to run westward from Yunnan to Mandalay in Upper Burma. Tali

will be connected to the road. Besides these, Yunnan is to have two ways of getting into the rich valley of the Great River. So when we go next time to Yunnan we expect to travel behind the iron horse, and to find this remote, inland capital a bustling railroad centre. While an important item in regard to the matter of time and comfort will have been gained, we shall have lost the picturesque part of the trip, missed the noise and bustle of the river boatmen, and have only a prosaic story to tell.



BRIDGE ACROSS GRAND CANAL.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE RIVER OF THE GOLDEN SAND.

GO MUNG, who has now become our tin-chai, guide, and confidential adviser, reminds us that the season is too fleeting to remain long in the former capital of the Hui-Huis, improperly called Mohammedans by Europeans, if we would enjoy to their fullest extent the attractions of the wonderland of China, the valley of the Great River. Hence we bid an early adieu to Tali-fu — noted for its ancient fairs and its monuments of a religion foreign to its people, as well as for having been the seat of government of the miscalled Sultan Suliman and the rebellious faction that waged their war for years, until nearly every town within a radius of fifty miles was desolated — and start overland across the great watershed of the Burmese borderland of Yunnan.

Tali-fu has a population of about three thousand Chinese families, and not quite as many native inhabitants. The city is situated a little less than seven thousand feet above the sea level, and is overlooked by the "Snowy Mountains," which reach an altitude of about fourteen thousand feet.

We pass along within sight of Lake Tali, whose shore is now nearly two miles from the limits of the city, though it is believed that once the water reached to the town. We are following in the footsteps of the intrepid expedition led, in 1868, by the gallant Lieutenant Garnier, who was the first to penetrate the Tibetan border. Along nearly this same course came Captain Gill, in 1877; he was compelled, however, to abandon his survey of the Kin-sha Kiang to its source, on account of war in that



RUINED PAGODA NEAR CHEFOO.

section, and to find his way out in the direction of Burma. Although the first to bring back written accounts of this isolated region, these adventurous explorers found others already ahead of them, and Lieutenant Garnier relates how he discovered one of those lonely missionaries in this country. Upon having learned by accident that a solitary preacher by the name of M. Leguilcher was living in that vicinity, he sent forward a messenger to announce his coming, and prepared to meet this zealous anchorite, describing his approach and meeting as follows:



“We were moving with considerable difficulty along the northern shore of Lake Tali, when one of our guides pointed out to me, some hundred metres below, a little platform hung as it were in mid-air against the flank of the mountain; there were a few trees planted in rows, and a group of houses surmounted by a cross. The sight so thrilled me that I instantly started to run down the winding, breakneck path, and before long I came in sight of a man with long beard standing on the edge of the platform, who was attentively regarding me. In a few minutes more I was by his side. ‘Are you not Père Leguileher?’ I asked. ‘Yes, sir,’ he replied, slowly, as if at a loss to understand how I should know him. ‘But you?’ My dress, my unkempt appearance, my rifle and revolvers, must have made me seem to the peaceful father like some buccaneer strayed into that lonely region. ‘I am he who sent you word of my coming; I am Lieutenant Garnier, an officer of the French navy, whom I trust you have only a kind greeting for, although I come unexpected and unheralded.’ For reply he grasped my hand, and then silently folded me to his breast. I saw the tears coursing down his bearded cheeks, and I could not see for those in my own eyes. I knew I had found a warm friend, while it was not difficult to understand the cause of his emotion.”

Could the experiences of these hardy missionaries have been preserved by written account they would have afforded a most thrilling and interesting work. The fortunes of M. Leguileher were among the most exciting and hazardous. During the protracted uprising of the Hui-Huis, which has been called the Mohammedan rebellion, he underwent many hardships and was in constant danger. At one time driven from his abode, he was forced to flee into the forest, where he built him a hut of cinnamon-trees, when, finally coming to the verge of starvation, he began to eat his house!

This is a country of strange surprises, of remarkable freaks of nature, of striking proofs of the strength and glory of the inhabitants who once occupied this broad and diversified territory, but whose descendants have found it a precarious abiding-place. One of the strangest features of this region are its waterways. It is never safe to count on the continued progress of a stream. Rivers appear without any previous indication of their arrival, and as suddenly and mysteriously disappear. A river may divide into two, aided perhaps by the track of some caravan train and the

limestone formation of its banks. The truant branch flows sullenly away until finding union with some other river, while the waters of the main fork pursue the old course. Again, a river has been known to desert its native bed and to make a new one, while eventually another stream will appropriate its unused channel, rushing proudly and noisily along as if at home in its own course, while that becomes overgrown with bushes, is filled up with débris, and is lost. Here, on this great watershed, streams



VIEW ON THE CHINA COAST.

may rise but a short distance from each other that will find their ends thousands of miles apart. The stream that separates and seeks an independent course has been known to reach by one branch the Sea of China on the eastern coast of Asia, while the other flows into the Bay of Bengal.

But the storied valleys and highlands of Southern China, with their lonely towns and empty plains, become, like their vanished grandeur, a memory and a shadow, as we stand at last on the right bank of the Mississippi of the Far East. As we look upon the foam-frosted flood of

the Great River, mighty even here in this mountain fastness, with snow-crowned peaks of Alpine hoariness and rock-bastions of American majesty, we seem to feel that we are being borne on with irresistible power into the heart of the ancient empire. Whence comes this long river no man knows, any more than he knows the origin of the race that founded its homes in its fertile valleys long ere written history sent its messages abroad over the world, a people that may have flourished in the era of the Toltec dynasty in the West, or before the ancestors of the Children of the Sun founded the golden capital of Amara, the most ancient America. We have said that it is a river of many names, and to-day, as Go Mung enumerates them, we are forcibly impressed with the bewildering array of Chinese nomenclature.

As the Chu-man it has its source somewhere in the mountains that form the southern boundary of the great sand plain called "Gobi," or "Shamo," at about the same longitude as Calcutta. It flows along the base of the lofty range of Bayan Kapa mountains, from whose northern slopes China's second great river, the erratic Hoang-ho, or Yellow River, gathers its tribute for the sea which it names. Opposite the birthland of that Missouri of this big river, the Ya-lung, the Chu-man exchanges its baptismal name for that of Dre-chu, a designation which it loses when it crosses the border of Sifan into the province of Szechuan, to become known as Kin-sha Kiang, "The River of the Golden Sand." Under this poetical name, it rushes across a corner of the Szechuan and Yunnan provinces to leap with dazzling glory from under the "Sun Bridge" overhung by the "Throne of Snow," whose massive front of twenty thousand feet is nearly one-half a sheer precipice, into the great basin of China. It is now known as the Kin ho, and continues an unmanageable torrent until it reaches the level country of Ping Shan, situated forty miles above the junction of the Min River. Here it exchanges its name for that of this tributary, and as the Min Kiang it sweeps along down to Ichang gorge, when it takes on its final and most glorious designation, Ta Kiang, or, as foreigners seem to like best, Yangtse Kiang. This time Yang means sea; tse, son; and Kiang, river,—the whole denoting "Son of the Sea." It has a length under this name of one thousand miles.

The geographical features of this extensive waterway are worthy of a brief description. One of its most striking features is the remarkable

descent it makes in the upper half of its explored course. Col. William Rockhill, the American explorer, who penetrated deepest into the realm of its headwaters, reached an altitude of 16,400 feet. From this lofty outlook to the head of navigation, Ping Shan, an estimated distance of fifteen hundred miles, the aggregate of its stupendous falls cannot be less than fifteen thousand feet, the greatest descent of any of the large rivers on the globe. From Ping Shan to Hankow, a distance of nine hundred



ON THE YANGTSE AT CHINKIANG.

miles, the descent is estimated to be in the vicinity of one thousand feet. From the last named city to the sea, a distance of six hundred miles, it falls only about fifty feet, or an average of only one inch to a mile. The width of this river at Hankow, where it becomes a tidal stream, is nearly a mile, while it becomes at low water in shallow places less than ten feet in depth. Below the gorge at Ichang, one thousand miles from the sea, it has a width of three-fourths of a mile, and is navigable to this place for large steamers. Other great rivers may carry a larger volume of water into the ocean than this "Son of the Sea," there may be longer





PRIVATE HOUSE, CANTON.



rivers than the Yangtse Kiang, though this remains for the coming explorer to show: but it does drain, with its mighty network of tributaries, the largest cultivated valley in the world, an area estimated to cover almost 660,000 square miles, equal in extent of territory to the American States comprising the Pacific slope, and affording sustenance for its peaceful and agricultural population numbering over 180,000,000 souls.

The most effective survey made of that portion of the Great River



SHANGHAI AND WUSUNG RAILWAY.

which is known as the "River of the Golden Sand" was made by the redoubtable Captain Gill in 1877. Poor Gill! he perished most miserably on an expedition to the sheikhs of the Sinai desert in the late summer of 1882, in company with Professor Palmer, the great Oriental linguist, and two others. This little party left the Wells of Moses on the 8th of August, to fall into the hands of a body of Bedouins on the morning of the third day, after a night's stubborn fight against overwhelming numbers. Their captors lost no time in deciding that they should be put to death, and the hapless quartette were given the choice to leap from a high preci-

pice or be shot down like dogs. Captain Gill and Professor Palmer chose the first alternative, and, goaded on by their inhuman captors, threw themselves over the brink of the chasm overhanging the rocks of the Wady Sudr, nearly fifty feet below. Their companions were shot a few minutes later.

Standing on the bank of this great mountain stream, looking northward into the province of Szechuan in the distance, we realise that we are on the borderland between India and China. To the west and north lies a dark region, filled with the most mystic tales of unrecorded deeds, a vast country from which the mists of the past lift slowly, leaving a background difficult to trace. Early European explorers met on its frontier a barrier they could not pass, and even to-day Tibet is but imperfectly understood, and there is much for the future discoverer to unfold. The mountains and valley of this interior realm bear evidence of having been formerly clothed in rich forests, but, denuded of these by the agency of man, the whole territory bids certain to become as arid and barren as the mountain regions of Northern Persia.

The missionaries of the Roman Catholic Church must be given the credit for the first actual entrance into this strange country. These devout and indefatigable men, surmounting obstacles that required almost superhuman effort to compass, penetrated even the most remote regions, establishing a continuous line of religious posts from the sea to the farthest inland frontier. In these have been sacrificed to what was deemed the duty of one's life many a soul on the altar of patient suffering, and hardly a modern explorer has not found somewhere, however remote the place, one of these anchorites living alone and unknown to the world, forgotten by his nearest kin, while he performed the simple work of his isolated life. As the object was not for worldly gain, these exploits, which would read in many cases like romance, have never been published to the world, and thus have perished unknown with the brave doer. More's the pity. On the great Tibetan plateau we met one of these hardy followers of the Church, an old man, whose long, flowing white beard and hair gave to his noble presence the air of one of the patriarchs of old.

The privilege to enter the interior of China and to travel where they pleased, with proper consideration for the feelings and customs of those they met, was granted to Europeans, provided they had passports, in the



treaty of Tien-tsin, Article IX., ratified June 26, 1858. This is the starting point from which to date modern exploration and discovery in China by foreigners. From this time the empire began to be known; previous to that period it was an unknown land, even to the imperial head itself.

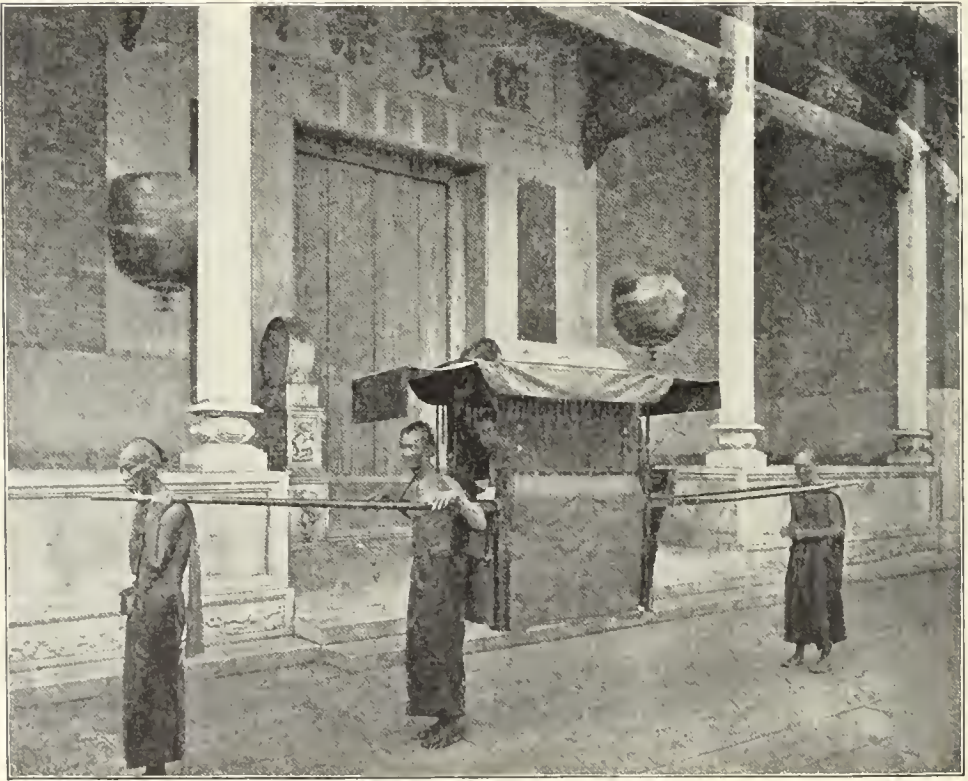
We stop at one of the villages in this vicinity, meeting with a more cordial reception than at certain places along the West River. Go Mung assures us that a fine view of the surrounding country is to be obtained



BUDDHIST MONASTERY, POOTOO.

from the summit of one of the hills not far away, and we quickly decide to improve the opportunity. We invite the disgust of our Chinese companions by concluding to walk, something a Chinaman never does if he can help it. Another trait peculiar to him is that, upon arriving at a place, he spends his time between eating, drinking, smoking, and sleeping, seldom seeking any means of enjoyment. Thus the restlessness and constant activity of the American is a characteristic which he cannot understand.

In this respect he differs from the Japanese, while he lacks the imagination and inventive power of the latter. The Chinaman paints nothing but what he has seen, carves nothing but what he has been acquainted with, does nothing which he or his father has not done. In short, he is not original. Captain Gill relates a case where a couple of Chinese returning from a visit to Europe, wishing to learn what they could of navigation, gravely asked permission of the captain to copy the ship's



ORDINARY CIVILIAN'S CHAIR.

log day by day. At the end of the voyage, they having carefully guarded their secret during the time, it was found that they had done it under the impression that, should either of them ever take a vessel over the route, these notes would be their guide.

We found our destination to be one of the loftiest hills in that region, reaching an altitude of nearly a thousand feet above the river bed. On its crest stood a seven-storied pagoda, with the ear-marks of ages upon it, while its elevated top was made still more lofty by a good-sized tree

growing upon it! The silvery orb of the Oriental night was hung like a pictured gem against the naked wall of the translucent sky, lending the happiest effect that we ever saw to the valleys, mountains, plains, and forests of Yunnan. Added to the wild, grand panorama of nature was to be seen in the distance the coppery gleam of the camp-fire of some caravan halted for the night on the highlands. Yet farther away was a bigger and brighter sheet of flame, marking the onswEEP of a forest conflagration, which is a sight only too often seen in this country. As we stand mute spectators of this scene, a dozen or more dark figures, looking at first like huge bats, dart out over the landscape between us and the sea of fire. They soon assume the shape of a body of horsemen sweeping over the plain with a velocity vying with the wind. Our gaze now follows them until, growing fainter and fainter, their outlines disappear into the distant gloom, leaving us to speculate as to who they are, whither they are bound, or what may be their errand.

As we continue to look out over this gorgeous autumnal scene, the words of him who penetrated into this region before us, Captain Gill, come into our mind, and we can do no better than to quote them: "Nature had draped the landscape in such gorgeous tints that she seemed in some wanton mood to be challenging the feeble hand of man to imitate her wealth of colouring. The mountainsides that rose on either hand almost precipitately glowed in yellow or golden red; down by the rill, which leapt merrily from stone to stone, the young willows had the fresh green foliage of early spring; and the very weeds growing by the roadside vied with the trees in the richness of their hues." Reluctantly we finally retraced our steps down the hillside, the sound of rushing water soon rising on the still air, its soft monotone in perfect harmony with the surroundings.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### IN DARKEST TIBET.

THE countenance of the genial Go Mung shows an unusual look of anxiety, while we cannot fail to notice that he gazes often into the west, from whence comes the noble river sweeping past the little Chinese village, as if in haste to carry the news of its coming to the plains a thousand miles away. We have concluded to make a *détour* into the province of Szechuan, shaping our course so as to strike the famous river of Min, and by that storied stream reach the Upper Yangtse Kiang. This will take us through the territory of the Man-tse and the heart of that provincial empire, Szechuan. We did think of diverging enough to extend our journey into the edge of Tibet, but then Go Mung, to whom we owe too much not to respect his advice, shook his head, saying:

“It is but eighteen days’ travelling to Batang, good master, and that town is well on toward the border of Tibet; but the way lies through a country little better than a desert, the upper portions of which are clothed in a wilderness of snow, and the lower slopes and valleys lying naked in their barrenness and hideous deformity. Is the journey worth the while? Provisions cannot be obtained on the way, such as we should want, the people in that country living principally on buttered tea and oatmeal porridge. But the quantity they will eat makes it impossible for a stranger to get even a small portion!”

“Well, tell us about Tibet, Go Mung, and the strange people who live within its dark borders. Then let us have a story, and we will fall in with your plan.” The Talebearer shows his kindly appreciation, and in a short time we have learned more of Darkest Tibet than we had ever dreamed of. After all, we are made to believe that the source of dread of that country comes from the brotherhood of lamas, who are unfriendly to foreigners. As this conclusion comes from Chinese sources, it may be



well to give it some allowance. Strictly speaking, the lamas are priests of the faith of Buddha. They form a powerful sect, and wield throughout Tibet a power that is tyrannical. They live in large communities, forming lamaseries or monasteries. The extent of their power may be understood when it is stated that they comprise one-third of Tibet's population and two-thirds of its energy.

The head of the sect is the Dalai Lama, who is credited with being the incarnation of the divine son. Upon his death, the believers in the faith hold that his spirit has entered a child born at that moment. Immediately a search is begun to find this successor, who is supposed to have certain mysterious marks upon its body easily understood by those expert in the secrets of the lamas. There is no reason to doubt the hon-

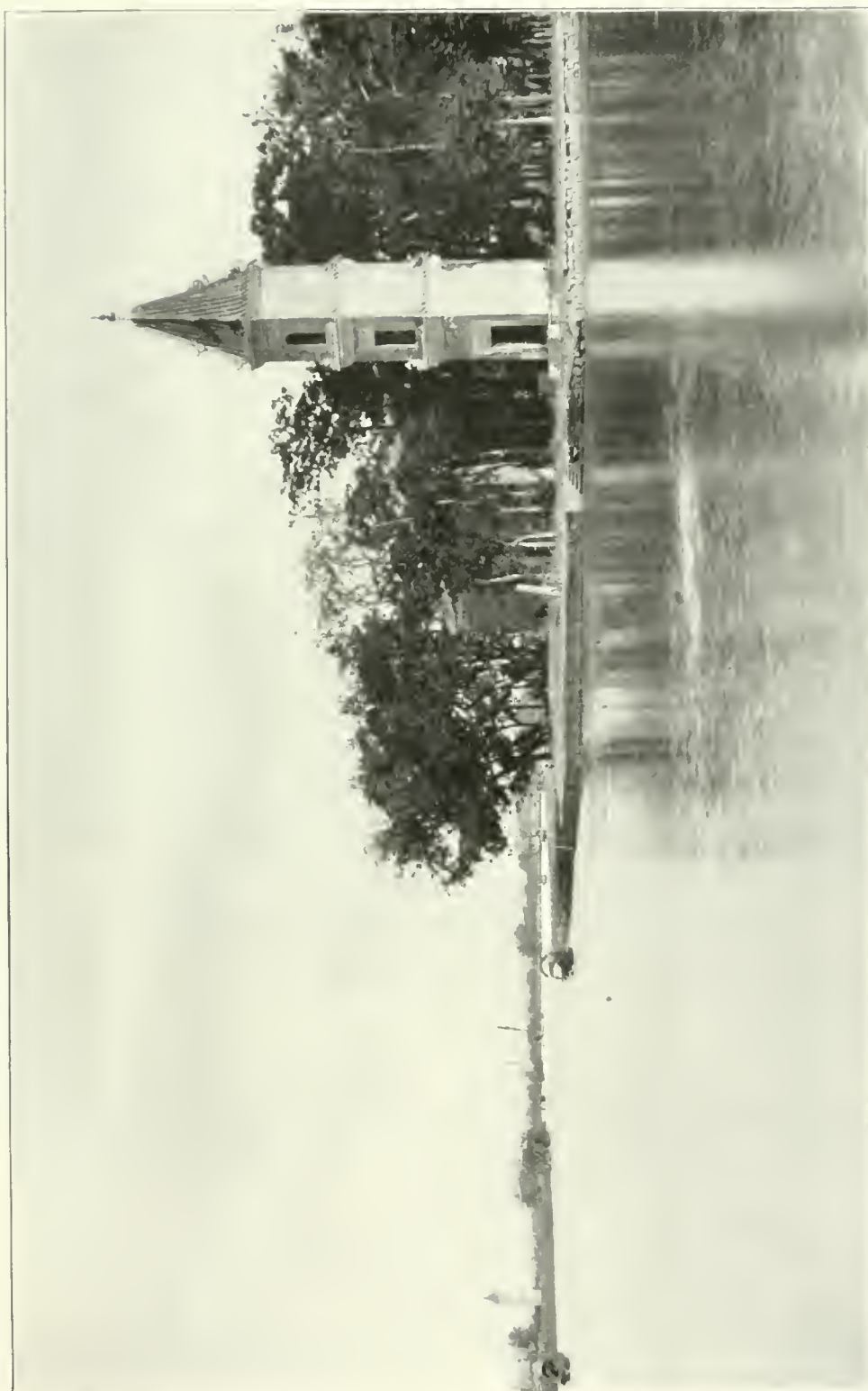


ANCIENT SHRINE IN CANTON.

esty of this search, for it often happens that a child is selected from some poor and not influential family. The child that is finally accepted is remarkable for the spiritual beauty of its countenance, and for the gentleness of its spirit. This may be a desired quality, for should one with the energy and ambition of the world's followers be chosen, he

would soon trample under foot the prerogatives of his would-be masters, and overturn the power of the lamas.

The lamas are described as poor and filthy. "They shave their heads, and wear a garment of a coarse red serge or sackcloth. This has no shape, but is simply an oblong piece of cloth thrown over one shoulder, the other being generally bare; for the lamas, not less hardy than their lay brethren, seem absolutely impermeable to cold. The lamas wear another length of cloth wound two or three times around the waist, which forms a skirt reaching to the ankle. Many of them are barefooted; others wear high boots of red cloth, with the lower parts made of leather. A yellow scarf is sometimes worn around the waist, and, with a string of beads and a prayer cylinder, completes their costume. The prayer cylinder is usually about three or four inches in diameter and in length; the mystical invocation, '*Om Ma-ni Pe-mi Hom,*' is written on the outside, while a small weight at the end of a short string keeps the affair in rotation; and all day long, not only the lamas, but the people may be seen muttering the universal prayer, and twisting, invariably, in the same direction with the hands of a clock. One or more great cylinders, inscribed with the sentence, stand at the entrance to every house in Tibet, and a member of the household, or a guest who passes, is always expected to give the cylinder a twist for the welfare of the establishment. At almost every rivulet the eye is arrested by a little building, that is at first mistaken for a water-mill, but which, on close inspection, is found to contain a cylinder, turning by the force of the stream, and ceaselessly sending up pious ejaculations to heaven, for every turn of the cylinder on which the prayer is written is supposed to convey an invocation to the deity. Sometimes enormous barns are filled with these cylinders, gorgeously painted, and with the prayer repeated on them many times; and at every turn and every step in Tibet this sentence is forced upon the traveller's notice in some form or another. A string, called a Mani string, is often stretched between the two sides of a tiny valley, and hundreds of little bits of rags are tied to it with the prayer written on all. At the top of every mountain there is a cairn made of stones, cast there by the pious traveller, thankful to have escaped the dangers of the mountain roads, and on each stone the prayer appears. Many sticks are planted in the cairn, with a piece of rag or cloth at the upper end, on



EDUCATIONAL TOWERS, CANTON.





which, of course, the prayer is written, and by the roadside are heaps of flat stones with the inscription roughly cut on them. These are especially frequent in the valleys; sometimes only a few hundred rods apart, they would appear to serve as a means for marking the road when covered by deep snowdrifts, as well as for some pious purpose. Sometimes the road passes between walls of flat stones, on every one of which the sentence may be read by the passing traveller. A light pole, from which a piece of rag flutters, inscribed with the prayer, is placed at the top of every



A SQUATTER INSIDE WALLS OF NANKIN.

Tibetan house, and wherever the traveller may go, he is constantly reminded that he is in the home of the Buddhist religion."

What the meaning might be attached to these frequent mementoes, as singular as it may seem, the wise Go Mung could not, or would not, disclose. But this custom is not confined to darkest Tibet, for in Persia the pilgrim to the sacred shrine of Inem Reze finds the trees and bushes along his pathway decked with innumerable bits of cloth, while he, if a follower of the faith, adds to the vast number one of his own, in acknowledgment of the divine joy attending this pious pilgrimage.

With the account of these mysterious prayers of Tibet comes into our

mind the stories we have heard of the marvellous Tree of Ten Thousand Images described by the Jesuit missionaries who have penetrated into the interior of the country. This strange tree was reported to have sprung from the earth upon the spot where the sacred mother of Lamas shaved the head of her first-born when she dedicated him to the divine faith, and sowed the ground with his hair. From this spot sprang the most remarkable tree in the world, the bark upon its trunk, the branches upon its



INFANTRY AND BOWMEN DRILLING.

body, and every leaf upon its branches bearing the prayers and symbols of the Buddhist faith. These were believed to grow annually, and, with the shedding of the tree's foliage, the singular messages were distributed over the country. Naturally, the priests guarded with zealous care such a sacred and mysterious sponsor of their religion. But the curious, unbelieving stranger eventually destroyed this pretty myth, and thereby rendered blank another picture from wonderland. The remarkable Literary Tree of Tibet is, after all, only a common *syringa villosa* seen frequently

in China. Its leaves are susceptible to any pressure made upon them, and are capable of holding these impressions for a long time. Thus the lamas, with their moulds, were able to imprint on the sacred tree of their lamasery such characters as they chose, and, by assiduous watchfulness, remained masters of the secret for a long time.

His tales of Tibet, many of which we have not space to give, seem to have awakened the fertile memory of Go Mung to a state of activity, and peopled it with mystical beings, as he prepares to relate the story of the famous Buddhist saint who gave away the world.

"This tale belongs to all humanity," begins Go Mung, folding his arms upon his breast, while he looks reverentially toward the east, west, north, and south, "and what I am to tell you is all recorded, with much more, in the Great Book of Buddha, the *Bkah-hgyur*, as kept by his faithful servants. This vast empire of the West was ruled most wisely by that famous king, Vasmitra, whose wisdom was glorified by noble deeds done wherever his power extended. But as good and great as was this noble ruler, his fame promised to be eclipsed by that of his son and future successor, Prince Vivantara, who was noted as much for his generous acts as his father was for his exact justice both to the strong and the weak. Even as a youth the young prince went about preaching good unto his fellow beings, and teaching that the noblest attribute of man was to be free in his acts of charity. Though many came for succour, none were turned away, and often the prince was known to go without his food that some poor starving outcast might eat.

"In time the prince wedded a young woman as beautiful and generous as he, so that his good deeds continued to multiply, until he became known far and wide as the great Buddisa, the noblest giver on earth. In his own home the good Buddha had blessed him and the fair princess, while two pretty children, a son and daughter, now belonged to his household. So far did his fame extend, and so much was it praised, that Sakara, the divine ruler of heaven and earth, listened from his golden throne and marvelled that a human being should possess such divinity of heart. Envious ones tried to poison the god's heart by saying that it was all a sham, put on that he might deceive the people. As soon as he should take his father's place, then would they witness a change of action.

"Still Sakara's faith was not shaken, and to prove that Prince Vivan-

tara was sincere, he offered to send some one to test the famous giver of worldly treasures. Most gladly did the others agree to this trial, believing that they could cause the prince to be put to such a test as would work his utter disgrace and ruin.

“Thus, as the prince walked one morning in his beautiful garden, dressed in the showy robes that belonged to him in his high station, a pretended prince of a noble line of ancestry, though unknown to Vivian-



OUTSIDE THE IMPERIAL ARSENAL, NANKIN.

tara, begged that he might receive the other's fine garments, as his own had been lost through his own foolishness, and he dared not return home in such a plight. Overlooking the stranger's mistakes, the prince removed his costly mantle made of rare texture, and blazoned with gold and silver, to lay it on the beggar's shoulders, saying, when he had blessed him :

“‘So would I give away the world that I might become wiser and better.’

“That very day, while the prince was out riding in his chariot, which was fairly ablaze with golden ornaments, and set with many rare gems,



rubies, sapphires, and turquoises, with lions' skins so thinly and mysteriously dressed that they looked like foils of gold laid overhead, he was met by a party of Brahmins, who immediately prostrated themselves at sight of him, saying:

“O noble prince! so far has the fame of your generous deeds been borne by your loving admirers that, in a distant land, have we heard of you worshipped as the good Buddisa who would give away the world that he might become wiser and better. We beseech of thee to give us your noble chariot, that we may ride as becomes our station.”



INTERIOR OF BEAMLESS TEMPLE, NANKIN.

“The prince at once alighted, and freely gave to the Brahmins his chariot, returning to his home on foot. But this was only the beginning. As he was riding out with his elephant the following day he was besought to give that away, which he did as freely as he had given away his chariot. Then he blessed the receiver, saying:

“‘So would I give away the world that I might become wiser and better.’

“Again the servant of Sakara came to the Buddisa, disguised this time as a homeless outlaw, and asked for the prince’s palace as his abiding-place, and his wish being granted, he declared, fervently:

“Noblest Buddisa, the gratitude of the gods shall be yours, and may

you prosper in all that you undertake, — in the world with people divine as well as here, where you are renowned as the all-giver.'

" This last act of his son awakened the anger of the king, who had been purposely told of all that the prince had given away, and warned that only evil could come of such prodigality, so he ordered that the Buddisa be sent away for a term of penance, unless he promised to mend his ways. Upon being told of his father's action, Vivantara shook his head, and immediately he prepared to go away. So it came about that the noblest man



HONG-KONG HARBOUR AND BOATS.

on earth went into the forest to live as a hermit in a hut. Did he repent of his generous acts which had cost him his fine robe, his chariot, his elephant, and his palace? Instead of murmuring, he cheerfully set himself about the task of beautifying his surroundings, and passing all of his leisure in prayer. So deeply was he missed by the people that they demanded of his father to allow him to return. The king was glad to send him word to come back, providing he would give up making so many presents. Still the Buddisa shook his head, saying:

“‘O king! thou knowest not what thou sayest. As Sakara holds in the palm of his hand the mountains and the plains, to do with them as he wills, so must I be allowed the blessed privilege of giving as my heart dictates.’

“Now Sakara was ready to try Vivantara even more bitterly than he had yet done, and so his servant waited upon the saintly exile, and when he was alone said unto him:

“‘O victorious Buddisa, the gods praise you for the generosity of your heart. I, a humble follower, having no slave, beseech of you your children that they may serve me.’

“Nothing like this had been besought of the Buddisa before, and it was little wonder if there were tears in his eyes and a tremor in his voice, as he bade his visitor take them with him, accompanied by his blessing. If Vivantara’s wife chided him for this deed, she saw that he was sincere in his grief, and, believing that he was striving for heavenly perfection, she concealed her sorrow and remained faithful to him. Meanwhile, unknown to this couple, the disguised master of the children placed the unhappy ones in the market-place for sale as common slaves.

“Sakara, upon being told this, could scarce believe his most trusted servant, and he resolved to go in disguise himself, that the Buddisa might be given one more test, more trying than all the others. Thus a Brahmin appeared to Vivantara in his solitude, beseeching of him his wife as a slave. Did the Buddisa falter then? If he did he concealed his anguish, and led forth for the stranger’s slave his own beloved wife, she whom he loved above even his mother. Neither did she reproach him, and she turned her tear-wet eyes away that he might not weaken at sight of them.

“Such a sacrifice as this was more than the king of gods could witness in silence. He cast aside his Brahmin disguise, and stood before the wondering Buddisa in his true character. The noble princess was frightened and fell upon her knees, beseeching of the god that he harm not her prince, who had never knowingly injured an insect. In the consciousness of his purity of heart, Vivantara stood undaunted before his god, waiting his judgment. While a halo of light filled all the hut, that seemed suddenly transformed into a palace, and the joyous cries of a happy people came from outside, the father of the prince entered with his grandchildren

in his arms, to place them between their father and mother. Laying his hands gently on the heads of the happy couple, Sakara said :

“ ‘Blessed is he who gives away the world for heaven, and thrice blessed is the Buddisa<sup>1</sup> who gave away all that was dear to him that he might better rule the world. To him shall be restored all that has been lost.’ ”

“So Vivantara returned to his father and his people, loved and respected more than ever. When he came to rule over the land the people rejoiced, for the kings and princes, great and rich men of other empires, bestowed upon him favours and gifts, and of all that he received the Buddisa gave away, with much more, in which way the poor of the land were blessed.”

<sup>1</sup>There is historic evidence that such a person as the Buddisa actually lived about the time of Christ, and that, as the Lord was teaching the multitude on the Mount that it was more blessed to give than to receive, in the mountains of darkest Tibet a heathen prince was unknowingly performing the very sacrifices preached by the divine master.





RIVER SCENE, CANTON.





FAMILY MAUSOLEUM NEAR SUCHAU.

## CHAPTER XV.

### THE MOUNTAINEERS OF CHINA.

THE extensive plateau which holds the heart of Yunnan in its broad breast throws an arm down toward Burma, with diminishing altitude as it reaches southward, while another is raised toward the north, finally pointing past Batang, and gradually narrowing as it enters Tibet. The main road from the frontier city, Batang, through Li-Kiang, traverses this great upland, which we leave in our overland journey into the province of Szechuan. The valley of the Great River below us here seems to pierce a series of deep gorges claimed to be impassable for any craft. At any rate, we are advised to head northward, though not without warning that our course will lie mainly across the high mountain ridges, and through valleys where the sunlight does not penetrate save at high noon in midsummer.

Procuring ponies at a high cost, we prepare to make the trying trip, where we are informed we shall ride for days without finding even a hamlet, and if we see a human being outside of our little party it will

be one of the barbarians of the hills, who would consider it a happy treat to cut our throat! But we are used to these alarms of the Chinese. One hears them wherever one goes outside the cities along the coast, which in themselves are really the greatest danger-grounds to the foreigner.

Our last view of the Kin-sha River is not a pleasant one to carry with



THE ARCHER.

us, as it is a picture of abrupt sandstone hills dropping with almost sheer bank down to the river, with no cultivated land in sight, and our path clinging to a high embankment made more dangerous and difficult of passage by numerous small stones strewn along its narrow course. Then we suddenly plunge down a precipitous descent, where the loose stones and uneven surface present a constant menace to the safe advance of our ponies, and we lose sight of the River of the Golden Sand, which will

appear under far different circumstances and environment when we return to its bank hundreds of miles below.

The days that follow need not be recorded, while we climb long ascents or descend hillsides which are worse for our animals than the trying up-grades. On our left rises the lofty mountain of San-pa, nearly sixteen thousand feet above the sea. In the course of our journey we come upon one of the finest views of the country, a scene in which miles of lofty pines form a sea of evergreen, whose foliage, moved by the autumn wind.



rises and falls with the grace and regularity of the tide. Here and there, like a rocky island in the deep, rises above the surface a forbidding crag, black and barren, while above the line of living growth is a ghostly forest of dead trees whose seared bodies and skeleton branches were long since demuded of their foliage and beauty by that arch-enemy of the primeval wilderness, fire. The soil proving too thin and exhausted to produce another growth to take its place, it still remains a relic of by-gone days. On another hand we gaze on a mighty army of pines, which seems to be struggling up the steep mountainside like an armed host of men seeking conquest. The result of this stern battle is apparent, for, while the lower ranks are strong and healthy, and unbroken, higher up they are thinned, the bare arms of dead companions flung into the very



A TARTAR OF THE CHINESE ARMY.

faces of the survivors. The higher the gaze pursues the faltering legions of trees, the more scattering and scrubby becomes the growth, until only stunted, scrawny, half-dead dwarfs are to be seen, and above them the bare, desolate cliffs. From this we turn to look upon a more refreshing sight, sunny slopes clothed in greensward, and dotted

here and there with the thatch-roofed cottages of the mountaineers of China.

This is the land of red, luscious-looking strawberries, though not eatable. There is another species of a pale pink colour, which makes up for what it may lack in appearance by being extremely palatable. Holly grows abundantly among the trees, being similar to that which grows lower down on the Yangtse River, and resembling the English variety. To-day we have been reminded of the Cheng-yuan valley, with its picturesque "Cave of the Mirror." It is a lonely, desolate place, where the sunlight penetrates only at midday, and then the rays are filtered down through the matted branches of the towering trees so as to rob them of their noon-day lustre. In the long ago a very good man, tired of the evils of the world, took up his abode in the "Cave of the Mirror," but he soon found it too dark for him to cook his dinner. The Chinese love darkness, but this proved too deep for him, so he placed a mirror in the wall of his stone house in such a position that it reflected the sunlight, when he moved about with ease. On account of his many virtues, the moon even sent her beams into the dark retreat, so it was light for him by night as well as by day. The old hermit went to his reward many years ago, but the mirror remains to shower its light upon those who visit the place possessing the virtues of a good life. The black passages are made exceedingly bright for these, so they go on their way rejoicing. If there be those coming hither who fail to find the blessed light, they never confess it, and thus the abode of darkness becomes a place of happy renown.

We are now in good hunting-ground, and many wild tales of the chase, which would put to shame some of the marvellous stories of Marco Polo, are told around our camp-fire. To-day Go Mung volunteered to show us the very precipice where the red deer of the famous three days' chase given by one of the ancient rulers of the empire leaped to its death on the rocks at the foot of one of the wildest gorges of this wild country. We conclude not to go, contenting ourselves by gazing over a tract of rhododendrons, called by the Chinese *yang-ko-t'ao*, which flaunt their gorgeous plumage in the breeze farther than we can see.

Indian corn and bamboo cease to grow at about four thousand feet above the sea, and the hillsides between this and the region ahead are un-

cultivated, and covered with a dense green foliage. The fluent Go Mung relieves the monotony of many an hour by his tales, and among others that of Hsueh-Shan, which seems in some respects very applicable to our own situation. A tragic fate threatened whoever dared to ascend the dismal pathway leading to its summit. The condition was that no sound should break the silence of the mountain solitude, the penalty being a furious wind and snow storm to him who should dare to defy this mandate. So terrific have been these storms at times that the hapless invaders have been lifted bodily into the air and carried for miles, to fall at last mangled and shapeless masses of flesh and bones.

A great general once undertook to cross this country with his army, hoping by this route to overtake his enemies. He was from the far north, and a stranger to this mountainous district, but he had been warned of the result should one of his soldiers make any noise. He laughed in derision, and ordered his chair-bearers to move on. The way soon became so steep that he had to double the number of his carriers, and these had to shout as they had never shouted before in order to get up the difficult path. The Chinese always believe that



IMAGE AT TEMPLE ENTRANCE (NEAR SHANGHAI).

shouting lightens their burdens. The soldiers, too, shouted and laughed merrily, so as to ease their ascent. If the gods were angry they did not manifest it until the summit was almost reached, and the general was boasting of their accomplishment, when such a storm of sleet and wind came on as none of them had ever witnessed. In the scene that followed, the majority of the soldiers were killed, the rest were scattered beyond hope of recalling, and the general himself would have perished miserably had it not been for the ministrations of a kind-hearted Chinaman who found him nearly buried in the sleet. Thus, through the folly of their leader, was routed the flower of the army of the north.

This foolish general was not the only one upon whom the weather has turned unkindly, for we ourselves are beginning to suffer from the rains of the higher elevation. These attacks are peculiar and uncertain. One moment the rain will be pouring down in torrents, and the next the sun will be shining delightfully. A tedious march this forenoon into the realm of rain brings us to the crest of a high ridge, when we suddenly break through the veil of clouds and find a halo of light enveloping us. For a moment we are blinded by the brightness of the scene, but when we come to recover our dazzled vision, we find that we have really ascended above the rainy mantle covering the valleys and lower slopes, and that we are standing in a sunlit world. Below us lies the crabbed old earth, with its litter of dead pines and acres of wild gooseberries, currants, and briars, drenched with the falling rain; above is the unflecked sky, the sun shining with unwonted brightness, giving to the rainfall beneath the matchless colours of the rainbow, so that we cannot help feeling that the peak upon which we stand rests on a mighty shield of transcendent beauty. In the west, the glorious orb lends a dazzling halo to the Tibetan "King of the Mountains," Jara, wrapped in his snowy robe, a fitting rival to grand old Fujiyama, Japan's "Peerless Mountain." We look upon all this entranced, until the rain-cloud is scattered, and the withered arms of the forests on the upper slopes penetrate the veil of mist.

As an illustration of the lack of appreciation of the beauties of nature, our Chinese companions, even to Go Mung, fill and smoke their pipes complacently. This leads us to say that more opium is smoked in Yunnan than in any other province. Relative to this, there is a saying among



the Chinese that an opium pipe is in every house in Kweichau, while in Yunnan one is found in every room. This is equivalent to saying that not only the men but the women of the latter province smoke.

After another long descent and correspondingly long up-grade, we find ourselves admiring another extensive panorama of country, which affords solace for the fatigues and weariness of our journey. It is a scene that would delight the heart of a Swiss tourist, as our gaze wanders over the slopes beautified and freshened by vast beds of delicate flowers of a pale blue, set with borders of dark green-sward. Higher up, holly-leaved oaks afford their vivid contrast of a deeper green, while, beyond these, pines clothe the mountainsides as far as



A PRISONER WEARING THE CANGUE.

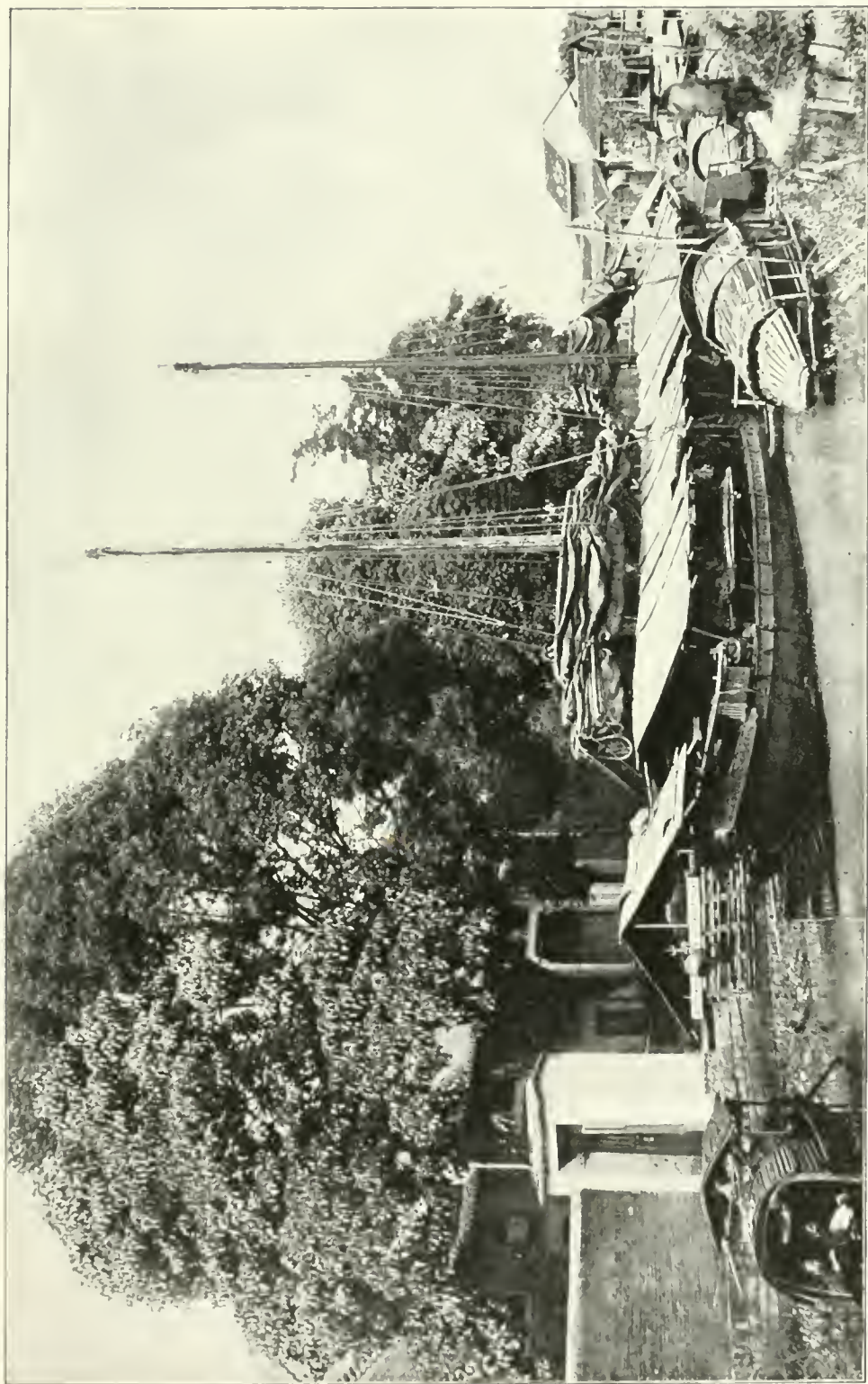
we can see. On the hillsides are herds of horned cattle, while stubble-fields of peas, wheat, barley, and buckwheat gladden the heart with the

suggestion that we are coming into an inhabited region. This is soon proved by the welcome sight of a cluster of the dwellings of these people living in this remote quarter of the globe, without dreaming of their isolation. To them the word America is an unknown term, the extent of their geographical knowledge barely comprehending a small portion of China, with an inadequate idea of Tibet, and a vague dream of Russia.

The road winds down the descent under long borders of yews, junipers, and pines, until we find it fenced with the ever-common gooseberry, which continues to the very houses of the little hamlet on the hillside. Here we are received by the people with a welcome quite pleasing, when we consider that we come as utter strangers,—in their eyes barbarians from a country unknown.

The following day we cross the Ya-lung River, which pierces gorges as terrific as those threaded by the Kin-sha, to mingle its waters with the latter river amid the mountain fastness overlooked by the “Throne of Snow.” We are now in the province of Szechuan, “the Cloudy Province.” This province is about the size of our State of California, and has a population estimated to be about the same as that of the United States, though this is probably too high by several millions. Its climate runs from a comfortable tropical temperature to a cold that is not severe. Its soil is as variable as its climate, and as favourable, and the eastern portion has been styled the “Garden of the World.” While it is sparsely settled on the Tibetan frontier, the opposite side is densely populated. Something of the possibilities of its future may be realised from the estimate that it has coal-beds capable of supplying the entire world with fuel for a thousand years. Over these rich beds the people build their slight fires of charcoal, barely sufficient to cook their plain food, and shiver for the cold through the inclement weather of the wintry period.

We are now in the homeland of the remnants of one of the native inhabitants of China, the Somos, or Shan-shang-ren, which means mountain people, according to their claim. The Chinese call them Mang-tse, which means simply “barbarians.” They are divided into four tribes at the present time, and number about twenty thousand. Each clan or tribe is ruled by a chieftain called, in their language, *tu-tse*, who is appointed by the emperor, but generally from a hereditary line. This



A RESIDENCE, CANTON.





is not wholly unlike the government of one of our Indian reservations. The Chinaman who has settled within this state has to pay rent for the ground he occupies, and is restricted from making charcoal. If he wishes to marry a Mang-tse woman, he must pay the tu-tse a certain compensation, which amounts to about twenty-five dollars. Go Mung proves a true prophet in this case by saying that we should meet a more unfriendly reception than from the tribes of Yunnan. These people have given the Chinese more trouble than any other tribe within their domains.



SOWING RICE AT SUCHAN-FU.

Their religion is Buddhism, patterned after the style prevailing in Tibet, display seeming to be the most important object. The common expression heard everywhere in Tibet, "Om Ma-ni Pe-mi Hom," is constantly dimmed into our ears here. Prayer-flags flaunt from the top of every dwelling, and prayer-wheels are to be seen everywhere. Daily offerings are made in every family, and every second son is a lama. Above each village, on some rocky height, is raised a lamasery, and the image of Buddha appears in rock or drawing. As in Tibet, the lamas are a power here, improving every opportunity to obtain recompense from the people. Their harvest seems to be at time of their subject's death,

when big fees are exacted for prayers and services, the clothes of the deceased being claimed by them. The family has the right to redeem these, but it must be done within a certain time. Besides prayers and reading of the Buddhist scriptures, loud chanting, the blowing of horns, and the beating of drums accompany the performance of a Somo funeral. The dead are generally cremated.

One of the brightest features of the Mang-tse people is the high respect



PORCELAIN AND EARTHENWARE SHOP.

shown woman. She is looked upon as man's equal, shares in his sports, associates with him in his every-day life, and may have any office from the lowest to the highest of the tribe, even to that of *tu-tse*. The maid is permitted free companionship with the young men, may marry whom she chooses, and take the initiative, if she wishes, in the courtship. Consequently, love-matches are the rule rather than the exception. They are joined in wedlock for life, after having obtained the sanction of a lama, by joining hands in public, and drinking wine from a bowl with two

projecting months. A feast at the bride's house lasts for three days, when the married couple repair to their new home, where the three days' feasting is repeated. There is no divorce, except for childlessness, and then the sanction of the tu-tse must be obtained. Upon the death of her husband, the widow, unless she remarries, succeeds to his property, but this, at her demise, must go to the sons.

As may be imagined, they are a very cheerful people, and almost every one appears to be in good health. Death is called "exhaustion," and when one is stricken with illness, little is done to improve his condition, it being the belief that if he is ill enough to die, die he must. Underneath this pleasant exterior, Go Mung assures us that the morality of the race, from the lamas down, is of the worst type. But it must not be forgotten that the Talebearer is a Chinese, and thus would naturally look for the dark spots. They are, as a rule, ignorant, and cannot speak the tongue of the Chinese, except through constant intercourse with the latter. Their language is expressed in Tibetan characters. Their situation is such that they cannot be other than poor. There are some fine forests of timber, but worthless until some different means of transportation are secured than the rapid, tortuous streams which find their source in this country. The principal crops are oats, barley, wheat, maize, buckwheat, and hemp. Trade is carried on entirely by barter.

As a race the Somos are strong, good-looking, with dark skin, large, expressive black eyes, straight noses, thin lips, high foreheads, and dark hair, which, among the women, is dressed elaborately, while the men shave their heads, and wear a tight-fitting cap made of fur or cloth. The women wear, over stout woollen undergarments, dark brown or red jackets, short and loose, with skirts laid in plaits reaching below their knees. The feet and ankles are encased in high leather boots, ornamented up and down the seams with scarlet or green cloth. The clothes of men and women are made of a coarse woollen material, which they spin, weave, and dye themselves. They make the thread with which the garments are sewn together of hempen fibre. They are not a cleanly people, but have a better record in this respect than the Chinese. On the whole, they are a free, careless, indolent, ignorant, happy people, disliking everybody else, with thoughts only for the present, leaving the lamas to look out for their future.





PORCELAIN AND EARTHENWARE SHOP, SECOND VIEW.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### BIRDS OF CHINA.

**T**O-DAY we see the noted Somo Castle, a stone structure standing on an elevation of nearly eight thousand feet, a most substantial edifice, with none of the appearance of decay or age so common to Chinese buildings. At first sight the beholder is inclined to start back with a look of fear at the precarious situation of the lofty castle, which stands on the brink of a high rock. Then it seems to him a most fitting site for such a structure. Its decorations are in stone, sombre but substantial. These are to a certain extent relieved by the wooden latticework of the overhanging rooms and balconies, while the many roofs are fairly festooned with prayer-flags. The entrance is made under a facade on a plastered stone screen rendered hideous by the image of a huge, evil-looking dragon. The yards are kept in good order, but an air of gloom hangs over it all, and wherever one goes one's footsteps give back a hollow sound.

We meet here with our worst experience in the matter of food, as the natives are not inclined to part with a portion, however small, of



the scanty supply they have on hand, though the season is so close upon harvest. A snow-storm to-day reminds us of winter, and our further progress must be slow and tedious unless we hasten our steps down the country. Nothing loath, we set our faces southward, feeling that we shall lose little and gain much by the change. Our path leads no longer over the mountains, but along the valleys of one of these upper rivers in the direction of the storied Min, and the main roads running across the Tibetan border.

Go Mung assures us that this is good hunting-ground, and thrilling



AN ITINERANT BARBER.

stories are told of adventures with wild boars and brown bears, while deer are common. We have seen a couple of monkeys, which were large and could scarcely see for the long hair falling over their eyes. Otters are to be seen occasionally along the streams, while the forests are haunted by a yellow wolf, said to be at times extremely dangerous. Birds are not plentiful in the Somoan territory, the only kinds that we have seen being the crow, blue jay, and magpie, but we are told that the ringed pheasants are quite common in some parts of the province.

The lack of the feathered tribe is said to be one reason why the

Chinese have not pushed into the corner of their empire more. Be that as it may, we notice wherever we go that the race is very much attached to birds. Like the Japanese, the Chinese teach their children to be kind to all creatures, and most especially to the birds. It is natural this should be done, for they place implicit faith in their soothsayers. If a Chinaman wishes to peer into the future, he immediately resorts to his pet bird to unravel the mystery. He spreads sixty-four cards out, each one of which contains on one side the picture of some object rendered grotesque by the artist, such as a god, a beast, a human figure, or a bird, while on the other side is written some proverb or stanza of poetry. The bird is next freed from its cage, and, trained to do the bidding of its master, quickly alights by the cards on the table. After looking them over as a true oracle would be expected to do, it selects two from the lot and carries them to its master, who cons them carefully, and from what is written on them draws his deductions as to the future.

Among the branches of the stately old banyan-trees in the grounds of the viceroy at Canton live several cranes, looking very beautiful in their abundant plumage of a lavender hue, set off with fine effect by heavy black tail feathers. These birds are guarded with zealous watchfulness, since it is believed that the good fortune of the city rests upon them, and that they have a governing influence with the overruling deity. One entire street in this city is devoted to the sale of live birds; it is known as "Bird-cage Walk." But such stores are not confined to Canton, for they are to be seen everywhere in the towns of the empire, and everywhere are birds looked upon with a love bordering upon veneration.

Among the favourite birds are the white and the roseate cockatoos. The first is a good-sized and beautiful bird, with snow-white plumage, crowned by a crest of yellowish hue, and looking exceedingly proud and dignified in its way of moving about. It is a great talker, and shows a remarkable sense of humour. There is besides a sort of cousin to this proud bird, but considerably smaller, that has faint yellow lines on its cheeks and a pale yellow tuft. This is easily tamed, but never becomes a good talker. The rose-crested cockatoo has a white ground touched here and there with a faint pink, and set off with an orange-coloured crest. This is not a fluent talker, but can be taught to say a few words

intelligently. There is another cockatoo worthy of mention, which has pale pink throat and breast and head, while its wings and tail are gray. But perhaps the greatest favourite of all is the bird with the crimson-barred beak, that seems to change the colour of its crest at will. When this is at rest it appears to be a pure white, but the moment it is lifted red bars show, and then yellow spots, which soon unite into stripes of yellow, so that the bird presents a marked appearance. Its body is



THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.

white, while its head, neck, and lower parts are pink. The feathers of its crest when at rest incline forward.

Another bird much prized is the kingfisher, the prime favourite of the small birds, while of the larger feathered creatures the peacock takes first place. This handsome bird retains all of the beauty and pride in the Flowery Kingdom that he shows in any other country.

A pretty idea, which illustrates the Chinese character in this respect, is carried out among the children, by which they are taught to be merciful to the birds. It is seldom a temple is found where some aged person is not seen seated upon the ground selling captive birds. The price of these to the children is one *cash* each, about a mill in value, and upon paying



this small coin the child takes the little captive, and by setting it free is led to believe that it has sent an offering to the gate of heaven which will not be refused.

In the vicinity of the beautiful garden of Tali-fu, near the ancient gateway leading to the ruined joss-houses, we listened to the song of a thrush, and saw a large crowd of people offering tribute to the songster. We were told that the inhabitants held these birds in high veneration.



A FARMER'S SHED.

Certainly no note of music that we ever heard struck more delightfully on our ears. Our sight was gladdened, as we passed through this country, by the sight of occasional flocks of these birds skimming over our heads.

A description of the feathered favourites of China would be far from complete without mention of those intelligent, though far less beautiful, birds, the cormorants, trained to perform such a wonderful part in fishing in China as well as in Japan. We remember one evening, when we were tracking up the river in southern Yunnan, as the pale moon was





IMAGES TO FRIGHTEN AWAY EVIL SPIRITS, AT ENTRANCE OF TEMPLE, CANTON.



creeping shyly above the corrugated crest of the distant mountain, lighting the lonely Asiatic scene with its weird beams, hearing loud cries ringing on the still air like the shouts of many huntsmen at the heels of their hounds. We soon learned that they were the commanding "Hoo! hoo! hoo!" of a party of cormorant fishers, and a little later a strange sight greeted our eyes. It is wonderful how all these birds can be trained to their work. We noticed, among other acts of striking intelligence displayed by them, that twice, when a bird got more than it could handle, it would call for help, which another lost no time in offering, and then together the two landed their fish in safety. Cormorant fishing in China is very similar to that in Japan.

Our talk upon birds calls from Go Mung one of his inimitable tales of those days when man and creature stood very near to each other, and did one to the other many kind acts.

"There was a certain man who lived in the great greenwoods surrounding the emperor's summer castle, who was not only fluent of speech with men, but who could converse with the deer, the bear, and the bird. Of the three he professed to love the bird most, and it was said that he spent much of his time talking with the feathered creatures living near his home.

"Word of this came to the emperor, who laughed at such a foolish story, as he stroked the silken fur on his favourite cat, declaring that there was not another such a fine creature in all the empire. But even this sagacious cat, that he had taught many wonderful tricks, could not talk so that he, the wise ruler of the people, could understand a thing it said. Was it reasonable, then, that a simple woodsman could talk with a bird? But this story was repeated so often to him that he finally said that, if some one would show him the path, he would visit this woodsman, who was either exceedingly wise or extremely foolish.

"At that very hour, which was the twilight of a day that left the heart mellow with kind thoughts, the woodsman was sitting at his door watching the antics of a flock of birds picking up the crumbs he had tossed to them. In the midst of this good-natured frolic, from which the master missed his pet, the absent bird suddenly alighted at his feet. It had come with a great whirr of the wings, and appeared very much flustered. He was about to speak, to ask what had frightened the

poor thing, when it trilled forth in its sweet voice, which had now an uncommon quaver:

“‘Ho, Gold N’ Branch! Gold N’ Branch! ere to-morrow’s tasks are done,  
Lo! before your humble door will stand the Majestic One!’

“This was a startling bit of news for a humble peasant to hear, for Gold N’ Branch knew well that his pet had warned him of the coming of the emperor. He was puzzled to know whether this meant great



BRIDGE OVER CANAL AT SARCHOW.

honour for him, or whether it portended evil. In vain he recalled his past life to think of an act which the most illustrious emperor could look upon with disfavour. Having delivered its message, the bird joined its mates in picking up the crumbs thrown to them by a merciful master, soon becoming the most merry one of them all.

“Not knowing whether to be gay or sad, Gold N’ Branch looked anxiously forward to the next day, and when it had come he grew more nervous as the hours wore on. It was past midday when he caught the flash of dazzling uniforms and the glitter of the imperial body-guard of the emperor. He had schooled himself to meet the ordeal calmly, but



all his brave resolutions now fled from him, and he stood as weak as a little child.

"As Gold N' Branch was trying to calm himself, his favourite bird, that had warned him of the coming of his Imperial Majesty, flew down from a neighbouring tree, and began to hop about at his feet. At that moment, as swift as a ray of light, a long, yellow figure sprang from the thicket by the pathside straight toward the unsuspecting bird. Before Gold N' Branch could utter a warning word this ferocious creature had seized his pet in its mouth.

"At that moment the imperial train paused at the edge of the clearing.

"The sight of the terrible peril of his beloved bird instantly stirred the sluggish blood in the woodsman's veins, and he sprang forward to save his pet. It so happened that he had been holding a stout staff in his hand, and as he rushed to the rescue of the bird he lifted this high over his head to deal the



ENTRANCE TO CONFUCIAN TEMPLE, NANKIN.

offender a fearful blow. In vain the emperor shouted for him to desist. Gold N' Branch did not know it was the emperor's favourite cat which had caught his pet, and even if he had it would have been doubtful if he had spared the creature that terrific blow, which broke its back.

"The poor cat released its hold on the victim, and while the former was undergoing its death struggles Gold N' Branch caught up his pet, and began to caress it and call it fondly by name. He was too distracted to heed the wrath of the emperor, who ordered that every effort be made to save the life of his favourite cat, while he turned to vent his rage on the hapless woodsman.

“When Gold N’ Branch came to realise the enormity of his deed, though his bird had escaped without serious injury, he was wild with grief and terror. The emperor ordered him to be taken to the castle to await his sentence of death, and his yellow cat he ordered to be buried with ceremonies becoming the pet of an emperor.

“Poor Gold N’ Branch could only moan out his anguish, as he was led away to his prison. Surely the visit of the emperor had proved a most unfortunate affair. It was well for the prisoner that the emperor’s sorrow was too great to allow him to think of dealing with the man who had slain his cat until the body of the latter had been given proper burial.

“Thus, while the hapless woodsman was pining in his prison, he heard a low tapping at his window, which grew louder and more frequent, until he looked up to see his beloved bird fluttering about as if it would force an entrance.

“‘Alas!’ exclaimed he, ‘I shall never lay my hand on you again, my little friend. But I am not sorry for what I did, though it was the emperor’s cat I killed.’

“He would have said more, but the bird began to trill in its most melodious voice, and this is what it sang:

“‘Oh, Gold N’ Branch! be brave, lest your emperor be slain,  
Warn him that his enemies are coming swiftly o’er the plain!’

“Gold N’ Branch understood at once the meaning of this message, and he began to wonder how he could get the startling news to the emperor, when the door was opened and he was led out to meet his doom. The danger threatening the castle gave him strength to stand boldly up, and, instead of cringing before the great emperor when he was brought into his august presence, he boldly warned him of the peril at that moment threatening him. But his imperial majesty was not in a mood to listen to what he judged was some foolish subterfuge to gain time, and he commanded that the murderer of his cat be put to death at once. Poor Gold N’ Branch was in worse grief than ever. But before he was taken away his pet bird flew into the room, and, regardless of the people, alighted on its master’s hand, singing in clear notes:

“Like his kind many lives has the emperor’s yellow cat,  
And at this moment he’s asleep upon his favourite mat!”

“When the woodsman repeated this message the anger of the emperor was greater than ever, for he believed this simple lout was trifling with him in his sorrow. But behold! in the midst of the hubbub one of his most trusty servants rushed into his presence, declaring that, as wonderful as it seemed, the yellow cat had not died, but escaping those



VIEW ON GRAND CANAL.

who had gone to give it burial, was sleeping then on its own mat. Then there was rejoicing, and as it is easy to convince the light-hearted, Gold N' Branch soon made the emperor understand that his most feared foes were coming to attack him in his castle. Little time was there to spare in the preparations, but such a defence was made before the enemies appeared, that the emperor was saved from defeat. As soon as the stubborn fight was over, he called Gold N' Branch into his presence, and his wonderful bird was bidden to join him, when the Son of Heaven besought this humble man's forgiveness for the wrong he had done him.

He also offered the woodsman a place in his imperial court as private adviser to him. But the other preferred to live alone in the great green-woods with his pets, so he was graciously allowed to return to his home, though it was said the emperor visited him often to consult upon momentous matters."









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